

STUDENT REVIEW

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • OCTOBER 9, 1991

CAMPUS LIFE



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BOY TALK
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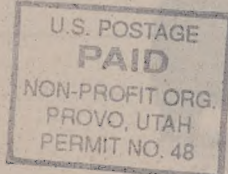
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Student Review is an independent student publication serving BYU's campus community.

By providing an open forum, all students are equally eligible to submit articles to *Student Review*. Articles should examine life at BYU—sometimes humorously, sometimes critically, but always sensitively.

Student Review values the principles of Brigham Young University and the LDS Church, and the highest standards of journalistic ethics.

Opinions expressed in *Student Review* are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the SR staff, BYU, UVCC, or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Student Review welcomes letters to the editor, advertising, and donations. A year's subscription costs \$10.

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LETTERS

DEAR EDITOR

How odd that it is *Student Review*, BYU's Unofficial magazine that is defending one of BYU's own, Avraham Gileadi.

I enjoyed Paul Rawlins article and his careful handling of what could be an inflammatory issue. I wondered a bit at the art that was with the piece, but aside from that thought it was well done.

I would like to add that pulling the book will, in my opinion, only make it more desirable, and I am sure some publishing house will be buying the rights to the book and reprinting it shortly, in spite of the best efforts of who ever wished the book pulled.

Rawlins mentions not holding too tight to obscure doctrines and it seem to me that holding to such doctrines is the reason there are many of the splinter groups that exist. Most important revelations are accompanied by the formation of at least one new splinter group. The ability to heed the prophet as today's seer, as today's revealer is an important one. The Church is still progressing in its knowledge, so to speak. We still believe that there are many great and important things to be revealed. Such revelations are sure to challenge old cherished beliefs. Rawlins advice seems good to me.

I too, would like to see some sort of scholarly debate on whatever questionable, but obscure, things Gileadi has to say. The way Gileadi's work is currently being handled is not likely to encourage young Mormon scholars to seriously study their theology. But, I truly doubt that any such debate will take place. As anyone who has worked in public relations for any large corporate entity (or large private university) can testify one of the oldest and most used methods of maintaining a positive public image is to simply ignore the opposition, the unpleasant fact, or the harsh reality. If any of the religion faculty entered a debate they would, by doing so, remind the public of the book, and of its being pulled, and of the issues of censorship that the pulling brings about.

As Rawlins says, "Gileadi's book provided a chance for talk, but the push seems to be toward silence." The fact that he wrote that in the *Student Review* and not the *Daily Universe* may demonstrate how strong and far reaching that push toward silence has been.

—PETER HAWKINS

REMEMBERING THE SEVENTH EAST PRESS (1981-1983)

On October 6, 1981, *The Seventh East Press*, an independent newspaper, appeared on BYU campus as an ambitious sometimes momentous publishing experiment. Ron Priddis, Elbert Peck, Anthony Schmidt, Scott Dunn, Maxine Hanks, Gary Bergera, and others worked around the clock to produce the first issue and inaugurate a season of independent publishing at BYU.

In a slide presentation entitled "Terms and Semesters: Remembering *The Seventh East Press*," former staff member Maxine Hanks will "try to describe a tumultuous time in an office above Kinkos copy on seventh East and a few of the divergent views that thrived there." This presentation is scheduled for 3:00 pm, Thursday, October 10 in 151 TNRB, and will combine a slide show with an overview of *Press* topics and events. The presentation is open to staff, faculty, and students and will include a brief commentary by Gary Bergera to be followed by a question and answer session.

"*The Seventh East Press* explored conflicts between scholarship and faith, conformity and descent," Hanks says. "The conflicts that played in each of us are the conflicts we met at BYU. At the press we were rising to meet raging controversies that relatively few people seemed to notice at all." A volunteer staff learned to keep a paper going without word processors and convinced merchants to buy advertising, while reporting dissent at BYU, supporting student causes, discussing religious contradictions such as honest church history, and otherwise demonstrated that all was not well in Zion. Staff members confronted controversial issues while relying on wits, faith and endurance and surviving for months on pancakes, ice cream and baked potatoes.

Originally presented for the 1991 Mormon History Association, Hank's slide show "seemed like the best way to tell the story and I thought it would be fun; I decided to show it at BYU so more people could see it. We used to hear that some people thought the *Seventh East Press* was master-minded by anti-mormons, in my memory we were earnest, curious undergraduates and graduate students who were just a bit more vain than other BYU students."

The presentation will be co-sponsored by Response, Voice, and *Student Review*. Δ

STAFF NOTES

Student Review's Staff Person of the Week this week is Annica Burns, who brings you, yes you, the *Review* each week. Annica is our distribution squad leader and that means that each week she leads her staff of stand-filling experts in a mad, late-night dash around Provo. Without her, and the efforts of the many people who are willing to help SR get the papers to the stands, you would be tragically going without the joy of reading this wonderful little paper. Thank you, Annica. Thank you, kindly.



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UPB

T.G.I.F.

by Liza Long

IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT, AND WE'RE ALL HOME again. We sit in the smallest bedroom because it's the coziest and talk about the same thing that we talk about every Friday night: men. The men our age are gone. We've just discovered the older ones, but they don't know about us yet, or if they do, they're not showing it. We decide that we all have one thing in common—we want a physical relationship that we can brush off when we've had enough. Last year we never would have talked this way. Last year we all wanted to be in love, to meet "Mr. Right." Now we'll settle for the coys next door. But we don't know how to

tell them. So we sit at home every Friday night, waiting for them to call. We should know better. They never will.

This is what it's like to be a college sophomore. You're too young for any kind of real commitment, and you're too old for that cutesy freshman love thing. You're writing to a missionary, or two or three, but you think your friends who are waiting for theirs are weird. You want some action. You want to weigh your options.

You sit around on weekends and wonder what those men are thinking. You wonder if any of them really know how to kiss. The guys you've kissed have all fallen into one of

the following categories:

1. Awkward man. He has to ask your permission, then usually plants one on your nose or your chin. When he finally finds your lips, it feels like rubber.

2. Saliva man. Thinks that he literally has to shower you with affection. You have to resist the urge to wipe your mouth.

3. Dentist man. The person to see when your teeth need a good cleaning but you're short on cash (and I'm saying this tongue in cheek).

You want to be kissed by a real man. In the movies it happens all the time: the mousy romance writer meets Mr. Tall-Dark-

and-Handsome who sweeps her off her feet in some obscure South American country. Not that he has to be Tall-Dark-and-Handsome or that you want to go to South America. You'd settle for short-blond-and-cute on the front porch—if only he could kiss!

If only he would call! But he never does. So you're home again on Friday night, talking, like you always do. And about 9:00, things suddenly get quiet. You hold your breath expectantly ... and the phone rings. No one dares to answer it. Finally, reluctantly, you pick up the receiver. "Hi, Mom." Δ

R.S.V.P.

by M. Spaff Sumsion

IT'S BEEN Saturday morning for a couple of hours, and we're all back home again. We sit in the living room because it offers the most stretching and scratching space, and we talk about the same thing we talk about every week at this time: our dates. We don't want to admit it to each other, but we're all pretty frustrated. We've just blown a good deal of time, emotion, and money, and we're still physically anxious. (Then again, we're always physically anxious. It's part of our chemical make-up.) We decide we could all use a good physical relationship, no matter how brief.

We haven't always talked this way. We've all been through our spells of seriousness—legitimate devotion to love, commitment, and fabulous futures. We've each had a couple of promising relationships, but they've invariably collapsed when forced to

confront the "deserts of vast eternity." So we go out every weekend, too realistic to want *everything*, but very anxious for *something*. And we usually come home with nothing.

This is what it's like to be college upper-classmen. We're male and we're available, but we're just old enough to frighten most women away from a good, healthy score. They must think we're planning to sneak a ring onto their finger during the entanglement. No, we insist, we're serious about not being serious. But our arguments fall on deaf hormones. We conclude that females are fundamentally different creatures, immune to the inherent sensations of the kiss.

But wait. Can it be true? Can there actually be a sophomore population out there, not only wanting romance, but actually sitting around waiting for it to happen? If so, I have two words for you all: SPEAK UP!

Look, guys are clueless. We will never

know you're interested unless you somehow make it known. Say something. Anything. ("Hi," however, isn't enough. Anyone can say that.)

Be daring. Make lengthy eye contact. Pass a note. If domesticity doesn't repulse you, make cookies. Lie if you have to. Say you simply didn't have room in your cupboard for them and everyone else you know is on a diet. Speak up.

And don't worry about being seen as aggressive. You're not. If someone were to tackle me in the Cougar eat, scream "TAAAKKEEE MEEEE!" and plunge her tongue into my ear, I might consider her aggressive. If someone were to slip me her phone number during a long library binge, however, I wouldn't. That's not aggressive. That's beautiful.

Guys are traditionally expected to make all the moves, and a lot of guys are worn out

from it. We've made so many wrong moves in so many wrong directions that we're tempted every weekend to just stay immobile. If you're longing for one of us to make a specific move in a specific direction, then say so! Many factors make a woman more attractive; knowing she's interested is definitely a major one.

And if you just can't bring yourself to be even a little bit forward, pull the junior high trick and have a friend do it for you. "I think you should ask out so-and-so," she can say. "She doesn't know I'm telling you this, of course, and she'd kill me if she found out." Choose a friend who is a good liar.

Your lips needn't get dry and dusty. And you don't have to resign their maintenance to Awkward Man, Saliva Man, or Dentist Man. A gold medal kisser may be out there, wondering if you're interested. Let him know. R.S.V.P. Δ



ADVICE TO WOULD-BE WRITERS: JOIN THE J. CREW

by Joanna Brooks

SO YOU WANT TO WRITE FOR A living. Let's start by addressing a common myth. **YOU WILL NEVER WRITE THE NEXT GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL.**

You are white. You are Mormon. Sorry to say it, but the culture has ruined us. We're a sad passionless lot. Long ago, anything considered saleable under current publishing standards was flushed from your mind during early-morning seminary. Your shock value has been squandered away by too many years of Junior Sunday School, unless you were daydreaming Brett-Easton-Ellis style. And unless you were in outer-space during morality lessons, you probably can't cut the romance market either.

Now that we've dispelled that grand delusion, let's talk practical. You want to write for a living. But you don't want to resign yourself to writing ad copy for grocery store circulars. And law school ... well, we have to leave something for otherwise-unemployable political science majors. So what's left for you with your English degree and your word-monger skill?

Two words to chart a future by:

SELL OUT. Sell out with style. Barn jacket style. Chino style. J. Crew style. A job with J. Crew—the leader in the fast-growing mail-order retail sector—guarantees a secure future filled with lots of chambray and rag wool.

Worried about the competition? Your BYU education gives you the edge, since research has shown that one out of every 4.3 J. Crew phone orders are placed from the 801 area code. You already know the mentality. All you have to do to capitalize on the material desires of your classmates is brush up on a few essential J. Crew rhetorical skills.

For your benefit, we'll review them below.

1. *Learn new and strange words for colors.* Never call a color (black or white not included) by its real name. Look around you to food, fruits, elements, bodily fluids. With a little creativity, you'll never have to refer to the primary colors again.

Red is not merely *red*. It is *cerise, cherry, ember, garnet, brick, berry, cola, wine, sienna, beet, crimson, raspberry, currant, rose, pepper, or chili*. The more daring could call it *blood*.

Orange becomes *peach, coral, apricot, salmon, pumpkin, cantaloupe, or paprika*.

Don't just say *yellow*. Say *gold,*

mustard, blond, dijon, or amber.

Use your botanical mind to conjure up lovely names for the color green—*mineral, bottle, loden, spruce, sage, hunter, emerald, apple, pear, fatigue, olive, mint, aloe, moss, basil, tartan, dill, or hedge.*

Blue sounds much nicer when it's *royal, cadet, sky, slate, indigo, marine, aqua, or tile.*

And studies show that brown items sell 73% better when they are called *tobacco, mocha, saddle, chocolate, taupe, peat, java, camel, chestnut, nutmeg, cognac, bark, monk, or acorn.*

If it's a strange hue you're trying to name, use one of the following terms: *tea, weed, petal, wheat, ochre, heather, oatmeal, stone, shell, putty, or mushroom.* You may not know what color you're talking about. But neither will anyone else.

2. *Prepare a list of spicy-yet-meaningless one-word adjectives and sprinkle them liberally throughout your writing.* Socks can become *sensational* socks with a whisk of your pen. And who wouldn't rather be wearing *sensational* socks than that other kind. We've put a little list of our favorites together to get you started: *ideal, precise, relaxed, uncommon, unmistakable, important, urbane, rugged, vintage, natural, resourceful, genuine, sturdy, dependable, real, lasting, substantial,*

spare, classic. Remember, it doesn't matter if the word means anything. It just has to match the outfit.

3. *Don't underestimate the power of a phrase.* The adjective is nice, but a punchy phrase can turn a simple long-sleeve polo into an icon. Try phrases that seem slightly paradoxical, a more cerebral approach to fashion. *High casual. Decisive nonchalance. Made-to-order. Get better with time. Uncommon character. A personality all its own. A healthy disregard for convention. Saturated with color. Stuff you rely on. A uniquely American sort of comfort. You'll never put it away. Time-honored.*

Using a few good phrases, a skilled J. Crew writer can have a shopper thinking of a simple jersey tee as a member of the family or considering a sack jacket a lifetime friend.

4. *Wax philosophical.* Make the pursuit of clothing seem at the same time trivial and essential by downplaying the fashion and playing up the philosophy.

For example, a wool rollneck is a wool rollneck until you take it to a grey beach. Import a little existential discussion about the ethics of aesthetics. Call it "Weekend in Petaluma." Make reference to Hemingway. Now it's not just a sweater. It's a legend.

Learn to write page-long essays about socks. Build them up. Make them essential. It will convince the customer to shell out \$20 for a pair. Try this approach:

Washings may fade them. Burrs may stick in them. But they'll never lose their shape. We define our socks from made-to-order, hand-dyed 100% cotton yarn. We hand knit them. Size them. Test them. So they're reliable. Comfortable.

Unmistakable. Wear them on your hike to Mt. McKinley or to tomorrow's board meeting. Slip them on for a night in Manhattan, or a night in the cabin. They'll always be uniquely yours. They'll always be your socks.

4. *Don't be obvious.* Again, make the pursuit of fashion seem trivial so that the catalog readers won't realize that you're feeding them a line. Suggest that they wear \$198 wool suitcoats with gym shorts or t-shirts with lambswool suede sarongs. Mismatch clothing. Dress your models as if they just rolled out of bed and into that linen shirt. Subtlety. Subtlety. Write like you're a friend. Sell. Sell. Sell.

There you go. Now, don't look back. You'll never need to be a starving writer again. Δ

Y TYPES

YOU'VE SEEN THEM
ALL AROUND CAMPUS!
YOU'VE SEEN THEM
AROUND TOWN!



INDUSTRIALS



GRANOLAS

DIARY OF A FRESHMAN

PART III

THE CONTINUING SAGA OF OUR FAVORITE V-HALL RESIDENT...

SEPTEMBER 30

The hunt for Heber is still on. This morning, the Standards dogs are used for the first time in the hope that Heber's fugitive status forces him into violations (excessive stubble, etc.). The bishop from Heber's home ward is offering a \$100 reward for any information that leads to Heber serving a full-time mission.

OCTOBER 1

I bump into Kathy near the Smith Family Living Center, and she tells me she is engaged to this guy (Ned Skousen) who wants to be an investment banker. Feeling like Hamlet, I express concern at so swift an engagement after Heber's fall. She gets defensive and tells me to get a life (or did she say wife?). She also tells me that she has uncovered definitive proof that Ned served in the Michigan Flint South mission from 1987 to 1989.

OCTOBER 3

With Heber AWOL, the powers that be decide to

bless me with a replacement roommate—Tip Kennedy from San Francisco. In our brief acquaintance, Heber was keen to warn me about these *Sunstone*-reading, Coke-swilling, mask-wearing Mormons from California. "They represent Latter-day Saints," he used to say, "about as well as malarial mosquitos represent insects."

OCTOBER 4

I return from my Book of Mormon class and notice a change in the room. Tip has arrived. A huge poster of *Henry and June* dominates half the room and Dukakis-Bensten bumper stickers lie in drawers like Gideon Bibles. On the bed, smoking pot, sits Tip. "Like a drag, brother?" he asks me. I burst into tears and run out.

OCTOBER 5

I am not standing for it. I leave Tip reading a book on Hegelian idealism and set out to find Heber. I will not be denied. Δ

IMAGINE IF...

- the football players only got scholarship money and tutoring if they won.
- baby strollers, instead of Rollerblades, were banned from campus.
- the economy weren't slumping so all of us could get jobs when we graduate.
- the new art museum were really a giant Christmas surprise and turned out to be a parking garage.
- we could have fire drills during our worst classes.
- David Letterman could openly rag on Arsenio during Arsenio's own show.
- Jim Morrison, John Lennon, and Elvis suddenly reappeared for a three-on-three battle with the Three Nephites.
- it were cool to hang out at the Cougarreat.
- they only allowed Utah natives at BYU.
- Ty Detmer had joined the RLDS Church.
- President Bush really cared about his visit to Utah.
- D.T. field weren't available for freshman make-outs.
- they had a holiday for every U.S. president (Ford, Carter, Reagan, etc.)
- there were huge devotionals every morning on the quad.
- BYU police set up Standards check-points throughout the school.
- the football tickets really sold out at 7 a.m.
- alternative black market services appeared during devotionals. Δ

TOP TWENTY

1. GOD
2. ALFALFA-SPROUT SANDWICHES
3. GAP BAND
4. LIBRARY DINNER PARTIES
5. FEMALE MEMBERS OF STRETCH ARMSTRONG
6. UNDERBITES
7. JOLT COLA
8. HOSTESS T.M.N. TURTLE PIES
9. FAST BEDS
10. CRAZY B'S
11. MEXICAN WEDDING RINGS
12. ENGLISH SOCIETY PARTY CRASHERS
13. OLYMPIC BASKETBALL "DREAM TEAM"
14. VEGETARIAN PIZZA
15. NORTHERN EXPOSURE
16. CANDY REWARDS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL
17. VAN GOGH
18. STUDYING IN THE CRABTREE
19. TACO TUESDAY
20. ABBA

BOTTOM TEN:

CANADIAN COINS; TUITION HIKE; RIGHT-WING LIBRARY SCIENTISTS; GUYS WHO DRINK DIET COKE; SPAM-KABOBS; GETTING STUCK IN UTAH LAKE MUD; THREE-HOUR BIOLOGY LECTURES; TOE HAIR; GOOEY NEWLYWEDS; SATAN.

EAVESDROPPINGS

SEPTEMBER 19, 4:30 P.M., OUTSIDE SWKT

Girl telling friends about her new professor: "He's really funny. But he has the same rules Fox had in American Heritage, you know, like only one person to a seat."

SEPTEMBER 17, 6:05 P.M., 2050 JKHB

Boy to girl whose sex excludes her from the BYU Lacrosse team: "That sounds sexist to me. You should call the ombudsm..., er, ombudsperson."

SOMETIME LAST WINTER, JKHB DRAG

Latin student to twelve-year-old classmate: "Look, if you want to live, you'd better not make as big a deal about getting the high score on this test as you did last time."

SEPTEMBER 24, 8:52 A.M., IN FRONT OF HBL

Woman #1: Hey babe? How's it going? I'm sorry I missed your wedding last month.
Woman #2: Oh, that's okay. It wasn't that big of a deal anyway.

SEPTEMBER 21, 7:13 P.M., WATCHING THE BYU VS. PENN STATE GAME

Woman #1: I want a poster of Derwin Gray doing something awesome...
Woman #2: Naked!

SEPTEMBER 24, 11:10 P.M., HELAMAN HALLS

Taylor Hall residents, chanting: John Hall sucks!
John Hall residents, chanting: *%#@&!

\$12,500,000 or BIRD CAGE LINER?

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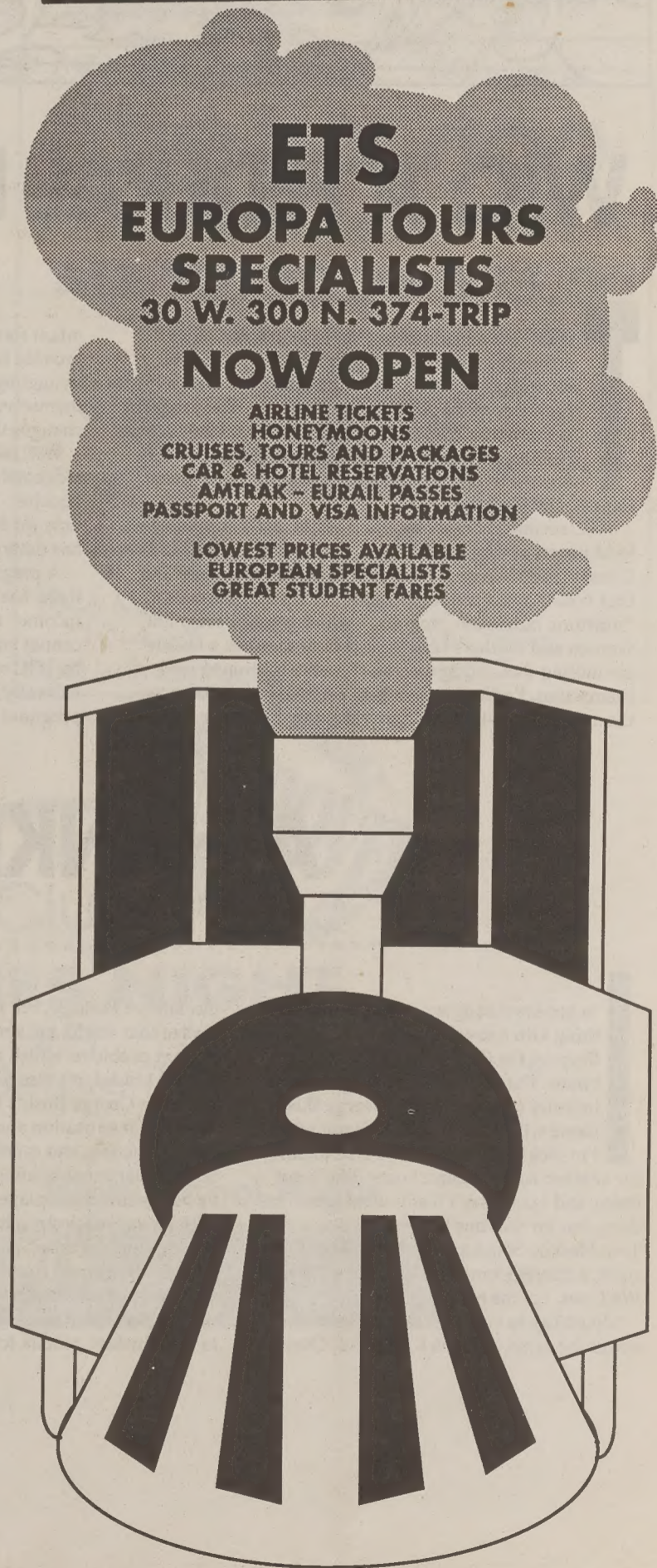
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ART BY MARY ROOS

WIC: A FEDERAL PROGRAM THAT WORKS

by Annica Burns

TUCKED AWAY INCONSPICUOUSLY IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ordinary west-Provo neighborhood, a typically federal government-looking building houses a highly atypical government program. The program is known as WIC to the more than 8000 Utah County residents whom it serves; officially it is called the Special Supplemental Food Program for Women, Infants, and Children.

WIC's name is deceiving, for it is not just a supplemental food program. Doreen Radford, the director of WIC in Utah County, feels it is important for the public to understand that WIC is not a welfare program. It is what she calls a "nutrition education program," which teaches pregnant women and mothers how to feed their families a health-promoting diet and how to teach their children to feed themselves. Radford feels it is of secondary importance—though critical—that WIC provides free milk, eggs, juice,

infant formula, and peanut butter to help these mothers provide for their families. In an era when it is easier to feed a struggling community than to teach the people to feed themselves, WIC is one agency which is trying to make changes that last.

WIC food supplements come in the form of vouchers, redeemable at any grocery store for the foods listed on the voucher. This ensures that the participants use the vouchers only for foods that a Registered Dietician at the WIC office has determined to be nutritionally helpful.

A pregnant woman or mother is eligible for this assistance if she has an inadequate diet and a low income. But "low income" to WIC does not mean poverty. Any income that cannot support adequate nutrition is considered too low, and by WIC regulations "too low" means up to 185 percent of the federally defined poverty income. A family of two—a pregnant woman and her husband, for instance—can make

up to \$1369.00 per month and still be eligible for WIC benefits.

But these benefits, fortunately, aren't just doled out once a month. A woman must take a nutrition class each month before she can pick up her vouchers. The classes, which range in content from breast-feeding to cancer prevention to child safety, are short, easily applied, and can teach a woman what she needs to know to conceive and raise a healthy child.

Howard Pearson, a doctor practicing in Connecticut, believes that the preponderance of low-birth-weight babies (babies born small due to nutritional deprivation) is the nation's number one health problem. He called WIC an

**SEE WIC
CONTINUED ON PAGE 10**

A HANKERIN' FOR HARKIN

by Russell Fox

I'M NOT CERTAIN OF MANY THINGS, BUT ONE thing I do know: come 1992, I won't be flipping the GOP lever in the voting booth. That's because, barring death or insanity (his, not mine), George Bush's name will be there, and he's not what I'm looking for. Instead, I'll be looking for another name. I don't know if he'll get there, and I can't say I'll still want him if he does, but for the time being, he's my man. Tom Harkin. Senator from Iowa. That's right, a liberal Democrat. Vote for a liberal? Well, yes. Let me explain.

My ability to vote for George Bush died about the same time the Kurds did. Overly

moralistic? Perhaps, but facts are facts. I realize that world and domestic affairs present problems which are not easily solved, but I don't care to see those problems solved in George Bush's way. At home, he talks about education and the environment, takes no action, and quickly retreats to the State Department briefing room. Once there, he becomes a chess player, plain and simple, with an approach straight out of the same game pamphlet that Nixon, Kissinger, and all their ilk learned from: an ugly little volume entitled "Realpolitik."

Ugly because it teaches one to be amoral, to be valueless, to look for "order,"

"stability," and "predictability" in this world, where in reality what you have is billions of screaming people, trying to make their lot a little bit better. If there is any science to be found in that, it is one which must be imposed from above—like, say, from Washington, D.C.

It is inevitable, you might say, that a nation as rich and powerful as the United States take a role in world affairs. I agree; I'm not an isolationist. But at least there could be some reason, some passion behind the application of American power. When I look at how Bush allows Kurds to die so Iraq will hold together, how he ignores the Tibetans

in order to play footsie with the Chinese, how Bush's America (remember, "the land of the free"?) is so slow to recognize the Baltic states' struggle for freedom that *Mongolia* (of all countries) actually recognizes their independence before we do ... well, it makes me miss Ronald Reagan. At least that man had a vision. Bush has none.

And of course, meanwhile, the American economy sinks into the sewer.

**SEE HARKIN
CONTINUED ON PAGE 9**



THE OTHER SIDE

by Matthew Stannard

THE LAWYER PROBLEM: A MORBID PROPOSAL

THERE ARE TOO MANY LAWYERS in this country. How many is too many? Your Aunt Matilda says one is too many. Expert statisticians (who may be bitter because they don't make as much money as lawyers) predict that by 2010, there will be as many lawyers in America as all the Nu-Skin distributors in Jason Chafetz's wildest dreams. To put it another way, if you laid all the lawyers in America end to end (you decide which end, but with lawyers it doesn't really matter), you would have a chain of lawyers long enough to wrap around the world twice and, assuming you started in L.A. you would end in Bangladesh. I think you get the picture.

About 70% of my fellow philosophy majors are bound for law school. Add to that list the political-science majors—those students of manipulation and systems of deception—who will make up what the philosophy majors lack in ambition. Don't forget that art, music, and theater might send their slimiest, least-talented graduates into the dreaded realm of entertainment law, wherein expression becomes commodity. And perhaps some of those physical education majors are simply working on their two minute mile to chase ambulances and dodge the vehicles of decent folks.

"Glut" is a lurid sounding word. "Glut of lawyers," said extremely fast, sounds not unlike the noise one of my old roommates once made after eating too much pasta.

So what is to be done? This was the topic of a recent symposium in

West Glumpton, Arkansas, drawing a capacity crowd that included such noted social critics as Carl Sagan ("There are, in fact, billions and billions of lawyers..."), Sam Rushforth ("Lawyers are a worse pollutant than pot-smoking Geneva CEO's") and the illustrious J. Danforth Quayle, who resurrected the question of legal reform in a recent speech before a crowd of angry lawyers. Quayle, however, failed to attend most of the sessions, as he was engrossed in the fascinating pursuit of playing "red car-blue car" on a nearby street corner (West Glumpton has only one road, but it's well-travelled).

Several proposals emerged from the conference. Guest speaker H. Norman Shwartzenegger suggested that lawyers be required to serve five years in the military upon passing the bar exam. His opinion was challenged by military analyst Jack D. Ripper, who pointed out that "aside from the fact that most of them would fail their physicals," lawyers would not constitute an effective or efficient military resource. "They'd just make their fellow soldiers do all the work. Or they'd try to sue the enemy, or spend all their time chasing MASH ambulances."

Another speaker complained of the shortage of teachers in America and suggested employing lawyers as instructors in elementary and secondary schools. This seemed like a fine idea until a subsequent speaker predicted that it would be unwise. "They'd just let all the students bribe them into giving A's. They'd probably also spend all their time hanging around the

nurse's office looking for potential clients, or threatening to sue the lunch ladies for food poisoning." The thought of big, mean lawyers making life miserable for those lovable pudgy mothers-of-us-all lunch ladies was enough to sway the audience against the proposal.

Dr. Carl Sagan offered the most innovative idea: Send them into space! "There are," he said in his slow eastern drawl, "many unexplored regions of the cosmos which may be unsafe for human travel, or even monkeys and dogs. But lawyers..."

The thunderous applause soon gave way to skepticism after a reply by science fiction author Orson Spock. "Dr. Sagan's suggestion," he said, "offers a dark, nay, a terrifying scenario of unspeakable proportions. Imagine the weary space traveller who unwittingly lands on 'Lawyerworld.'" Moreover, Spock pointed out that within the next century, space ambulances could be developed which would constantly be under siege from these rogue attorneys.

The three-day conference offered many ideas to solve the lawyer problem. But like most solutions to the piracy of American legal manipulation, few ideas withstood critical scrutiny. Unfortunately, space does not permit any explication of the most well-received proposal, given by a certain J. Dahmer of Milwaukee: "Lawyers and Global Malnutrition: Killing Two Birds with one Scalpel." Δ

Matt sends his love to all his friends at JRC Law School. No offense, dear ones.

THE OPINION DEBATE WRITING CONTEST

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RULES:

- 1) Essays should be double-spaced typewritten and should not exceed twelve hundred (1200) words.
- 2) Essays should address the question "Was the Gulf War worth it?" and may do so from whatever angles the writer prefers (political, economic, moral, spiritual, etc.) Theses should clearly define what position the essay will take.
- 3) Essays should be submitted with a separate cover sheet giving the writer's name, local address, telephone number, age and major, along with a statement giving *Student Review* permission to publish the essay. No name ought to appear on any page of the actual body of the essay.
- 4) Deadline for submission is October 30th, 1991. Essays may be mailed to SR at P.O. Box 7092, Provo, Utah 84602; or may be dropped in the SR drop box in 1102a JKHB, by 5:00 PM on October 30th. In either case, please indicate that item is an entry in "Opinion Debate Contest."
- 5) Two prizes of twenty-five dollars will be awarded: one for the best essay arguing for the war, one for the best essay arguing against the war.
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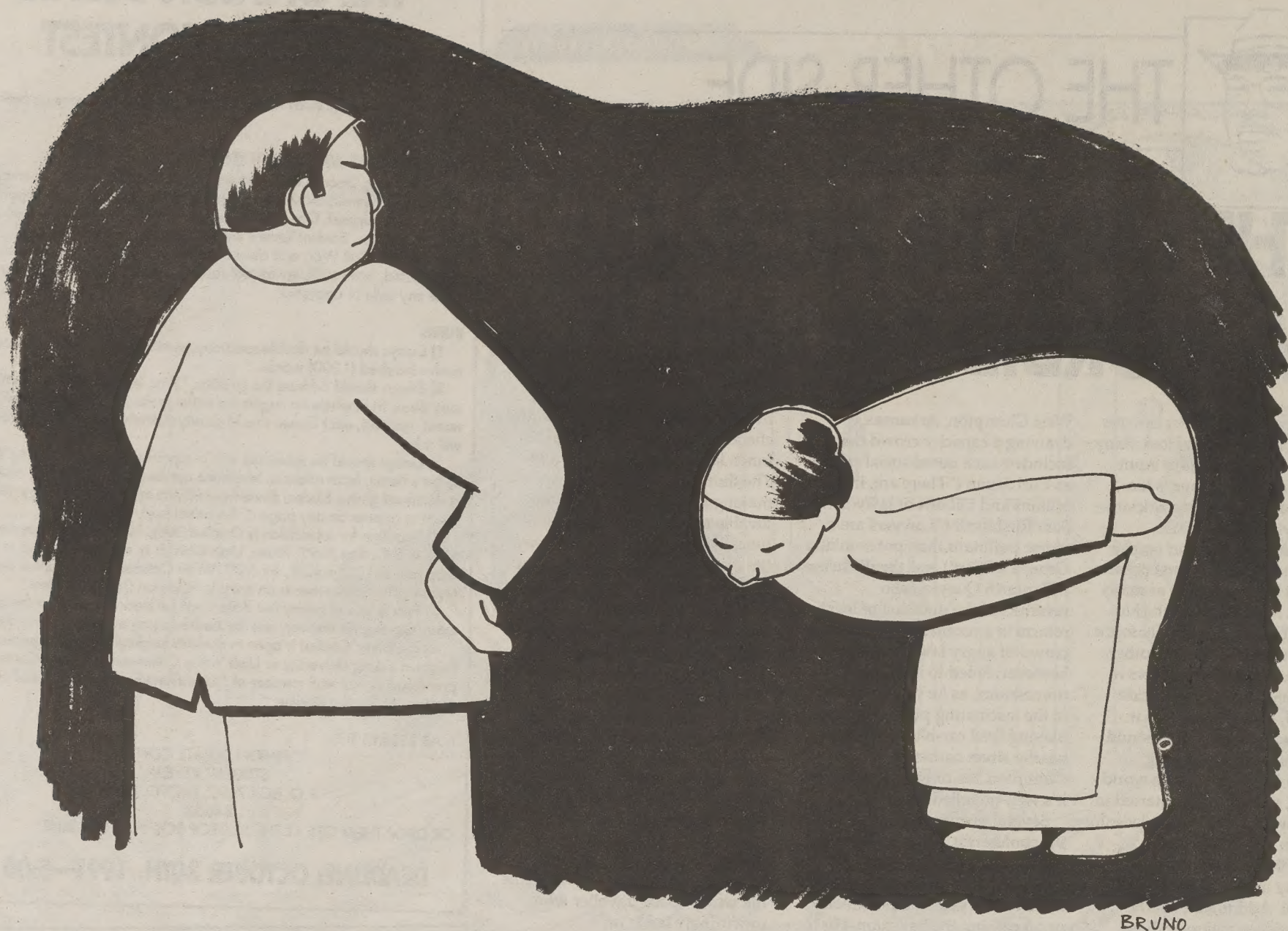
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PC, MULTICULTURALISM, AND KOREAN SOCIETY

Eric Ehington

FOR THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS, American universities have been the scene of spirited debate for scholars who promote a multicultural curriculum, one less focused on Europe's accomplishments and more sensitive to other cultures' achievements. Often hand in hand with the multicultural movement, but distinct from it, is the PC (Politically Correct) movement. The PC people also want to change American education, but their agenda entails, as I understand it, the rejection of Western Culture in part because it is anti-feminine. At PC demonstrations at Stanford University several years ago students chatted "Hey, Hey, Ho, Ho, Western Culture's got to go." While I agree with the "PCers" that Western Culture is somewhat anti-feminist, it is by far the least anti-feminist of any of the world's major cultures. If my PC friends want to see a real anti-woman society they should come to Korea.

I served my mission for the Church in Korea and now that I've graduated, I am working here before I go off to graduate school. When I was a missionary, I had the romantic notion that Korean society, being a Confucian society, was where decorum, politeness,

respect for age, and face were paramount in relations between people. They are, but that's only half the story. Rarely do University professors and Asiaphiles tackle the horrific human suffering Confucianism causes—especially for women. While "PCers" chant slogans about the inequities of Western Culture, they do not even begin to understand the indignities women suffer because of Confucianism.

When Confucius taught his famous five relationships, he clearly subordinated women to men: "women should be obedient to their husbands." This maxim has governed and still governs the relationships of men and women in Korea today.

Korean culture so values males over females that, though outlawed, female fetuses are routinely aborted in hopes the next pregnancy will result in a son. Most Koreans may have one or two children and the current male/female birth ratio at last count was 118/100. If the female child survives to be born, it is her mother's position that changes. Her mother literally loses her name, and becomes known as "so and so's mother." For instance, a Korean mother whose daughter is named Mi-sook, would be called

"Mi-sook's Mother" instead of her given name.

Confucianism's anti-womaness so permeates Korean society that men and women educated in the top universities in Korea are decidedly anti-feminists. A case in point: In one of my English classes we were talking about traits we wanted in our potential spouses. I asked a Mr. Kim, a senior at Yonsei University, what traits he wanted in his future wife. He replied that "First, she cannot have a university education." I politely laughed thinking he was making a poor joke. But he was not joking. "Secondly, she cannot have abilities that are better than mine," he continued. I asked the other members of the class (business executives, university students and bank workers) if Mr. Kim's thoughts were strange. Everyone, including all but one woman, thought his thinking was common and about half (all men) agreed with him. The class ended with me teaching them two new words: "chauvinist" and "misogynist."

Of course, not all Koreans are like the ones I describe. The younger, newer generation is beginning to change. I could, however, continue with example after example of Korean chauvinist attitudes. Though these attitudes

exist in America, in Korea they are traditional (actually an improvement on tradition), common and unchallenged. Consequently, women are exploited, physically beaten, sexually objectified, abused and used, and oftentimes valued only for their ability to produce a son. Championing a woman's accomplishments is virtually unknown in Korean.

So, as the debate rages in America over our own abuse of women, and before we take up the chant "Western Culture's got to go," perhaps the ardent PCers should broaden their perspectives where other cultures are concerned. We don't burn women or buy them as they do in India. Nor do we make them wear black robes, veils and restrict their movements like they do in Moslem countries. And neither do we discriminate in our language, institutions, business and relationships as the Confucian countries do. And unlike Korea and other Confucian countries, Western Culture has mechanisms that challenge our anti-feminist attitudes. Nonexistent in Korea, we have media private institutions, and universities that challenge old attitudes and actively seek to rectify current discrimination.

Furthermore, in the West, we have a tradition of challenging authority and any similar tradition is mostly non-existent in Confucian countries. Raised to revere authority, most Korean women simply accept the status quo.

The casual foreign tourist will not see what I have just described. Korea is a great place to visit. The energy and hustle and bustle of Seoul is intoxicating. The shopping is great. The people are usually polite and the scenery is beautiful. But Korea's history, like most countries' history, is a history of misogyny. What makes Korea different is that it embraced more than any other country, Confucianism, one of the most anti-woman philosophies of the major world views.

Those who advocate the PC agenda (throw out Western Culture) are proof that the multiculturalists are right: we need to learn about other cultures to better understand our diverse world. By studying other cultures, I think we will also come away with a better appreciation of our own culture. Though Western Culture still has a long way to go in appreciating women and their contributions, it is still far better than any alternative major culture today. Δ

HARKIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

So what can I, a voter, do? Isn't the Democratic party lost in space? Perhaps. But, one way or another, what hasn't prevented a lot of intelligent, serious, concerned people from stepping up to face the man the mass media tells us is the most popular president of modern times. One of those men is Tom Harkin, a Vietnam veteran who, as a senator, opposed the war in the Gulf; a man who proudly proclaims himself "labor's candidate"; a man who speaks of vision and, who knows, may have had a few himself. This is the man I want to see run against our president, Mr. Smooth himself? In a word, yes.

Consider some of the latest statistics coming out of the census bureau. Real income for most American families is falling, and quickly. There are more Americans living in poverty now than any time within the memory of most of us reading this article. The working man and woman used to have a voice in this country; now, they can barely find the time between the two jobs they are holding down to speak up. And there's more. A weekly British economic journal, the *Economist*, dedicated a cover story to America's underclass, giving this tragedy more attention than it ever seems to get here at home. Heavens, even LDS Church leaders have realized that it's becoming an economic necessity for women to work outside the home if you want to get by. Things are not going well, and under Bush, they're not going to get any better.

Now I realize that Harkin, a fifty-one-year-old man who's been in Democratic politics for nearly twenty years, is making the same sort of noises that one might associate with Hubert Humphrey. National health insurance. Progressive taxation. Massive social programs for the poor, the unemployed, immigrants, senior citizens and minorities. And so on. After eleven

years of Reagan-Bush, all this may seem a little out of place.

But that's just the point. It seems out of place because the sort of passion which leads one to actually try to do something, to actually try to provide some long-term solutions for our problems, has been missing from the national agenda. Polls show that most Americans think this country is on the wrong track; the same polls say Bush is doing OK. How can this be? Because Americans have stopped thinking politics can provide leadership, answers, solutions. They seem to be content with a globe-trotter who can cut good (meaning politically pragmatic, not morally correct) deals with his fellow back room boys in Beijing, Paris, Pretoria, or Moscow.

It's time for that contentment to end. Bush is a manager, not a leader, whereas Harkin is providing leadership. I will not deny that I probably have more disagreements with Harkin than agreements (in regards to trade, affirmative action, abortion, judicial philosophy, etc.). Nor do I deny that Bush is far more qualified than Harkin on the international scene. But I'm not looking for qualifications. I'm looking for quality.

There was a time in which people looked to Washington, D.C. for answers, and expected those they sent there to have a reason for doing what they did—a reason more substantial than "the honor of it all" (so said Bush during the 1988 campaign). If all we want is a CEO, than I suppose that's OK. But if we want a man who cares, who will recognize the real problems in this country and then act (and scream and pound tables when necessary), we must turn elsewhere. Right now, Harkin is looking pretty good.
△



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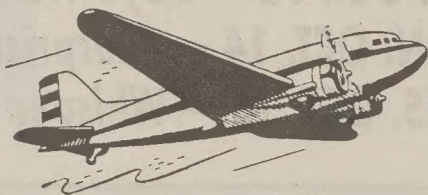
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WIC CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

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SR PRESENTS: OMD

By Darren G. Vance and Chris Kenney

IF ONE WERE TO BELIEVE ALL THE HYPE surrounding the British music scene, it would seem that Liverpool is fast replacing Manchester as the place for the music of the day. In fact, Liverpool is making a comeback as a breeding ground for many British bands. While Manchester took the sounds of the 1960's and 1970's and modernized it for a 1990's nightclub, it may still be too early to define any particular sound coming out of Liverpool. There has been one constant, however.

Before the Manchester sound and even before punk rock hit the scene, Andy McCluskey and Paul Humphries were listening to Germany's then-unknown band Kraftwerk and writing their own music. In 1978, they formed Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark and pioneered a new, synthesizer-driven pop music sound.

Notes Andy McCluskey, "We refined the dance music that was going on with lots of melodies." And so, in the middle of the anarchy of the British punk rock rebellion, there was OMD. "We were pretty strange at first, just two guys and a tape recorder."

OMD has now moved into their second

decade of music making (outlasting many of the bands of that era), and has released *Sugar Tax*, their ninth album. The band is also in the middle of a "test-the-waters tour" of North America. The tour is taking them to sold-out (but smaller-than-usual) venues in fifteen cities.

"I haven't toured for so long and that has been frustrating," explains McCluskey, "but it's almost as if OMD is back to a cult, underground status, to being a European band again here in America, except in places where there are small pockets [of loyal fans]. Utah is one of those places." Indeed, Salt Lake wasn't even on the original tour sheet, but was added after the band was inundated by calls from local radio stations and fans.

"We're going back to a simple four-piece lineup like we had in the early Eighties. The *Pacific Age Tour* [1987] had too many people involved and I feel that the [smaller] band now is better than the old band." Excited to tour America again ("American audiences are absolutely the best in the world."), the size of the tour is allowing OMD to measure reactions to their new album and to an OMD without co-founder Paul Humphries. "It was time to breakup. Paul wanted to do his own

thing, something different than OMD. And contrary to the London tabloids, we still have a good friendship." So far, the reactions to the band have been great.

With *Sugar Tax*, and with the departure of Humphries, OMD has still retained its basic musical style. There have been some changes as the band has matured and improved, and there is a difference between this album and earlier ones such as *Crush* [1985], but the melodies and the soaring vocals of McCluskey make the music instantly recognizable as that of OMD. In fact, notes McCluskey, "Our music does change, but musical styles in general have moved towards ours rather than us moving towards whatever happens to be popular."

Commenting on *Sugar Tax*, "I just wanted to prove to myself that it could still be fun and that I could still do it." As with any album, the writing of the music on *Sugar Tax* was "a discussion with [myself], an externalizing of feelings." Once the music is "released for public consumption, it's nice to hear people say 'we agree.'" Obviously, many do agree as the album entered the British charts at #5 and is moving up the American charts.

And the tour promises to be no less agreeable. The two areas in which OMD has excelled while on tour have always been the show itself (staging, lighting, etc.) and, more importantly, the personality of Andy McCluskey. "Whatever town you're in, you have to remember that it is these people's only chance to see you, so you have to act like every concert is completely new."

While McCluskey does enjoy touring, he does find the need to disassociate stage life from personal life. "You just don't show up where media people are and you don't let people write everything about you. But, you are in the limelight and so you have to put up with it and be extremely well-behaved." (Take note, Axel.) McCluskey laughs, "If it were like a Madonna or a Prince where I couldn't even walk down the road, that would drive me ... mental. But you must understand that you are no better than the guy down the street who fixes your car."

With the success of their new album and the supporting tour, it is obvious that OMD can weather both internal and external changes and still put out top-notch music. OMD plays their sold out Salt Lake City show on Tuesday, October 1, at the University of Utah's Kingsbury Hall. Δ

GO AHEAD, "DECEIVE" ME

by Rick Carpenter

LET'S CUT RIGHT TO THE CHASE; THE FIRST THIRTY MINUTES OF *Deceived* could put you to sleep, but the rest will keep you wired at a level that would make Folgers and Maxwell House envious. Adrienne Saunders (Goldie Hawn) has a successful career in the art world. After six years of marriage and a five-year-old daughter, she discovers that her husband Jack (John Heard) wasn't out of town for the weekend on

business like he claimed, but at a local hotel in New York City. After she asks if he is having an affair, he storms out of the apartment, to return in spirit as two police officers bring the news of his death in a car accident.

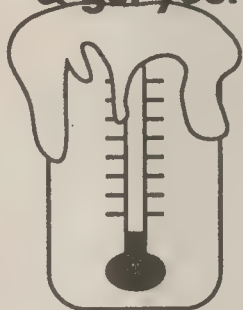
A few days later Adrienne returns to the apartment to find it ransacked and the maid murdered. In addition to all that's happened, she is told that her husband had been using a Social Security number that belonged to a man that has been

dead for several years. Realizing that her husband was not who he said he was, she sets out to find his real identity and the source of the violence.

The suspense and intensity of *Deceived* surpasses *Jagged Edge*, the 1985 Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges thriller, as well as the recent chiller, *Pacific Heights*. Goldie Hawn, usually cast only in comedies, is absolutely fantastic, and John Heard is outstandingly cryptic. (B+) Rated PG—13. Δ

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BAD WRITING, COPY EDITING, AND THE REVIEW

By Dave Bastian

FOR AN INDEPENDENT STUDENT WEEKLY, *STUDENT REVIEW* does remarkably well. Every week, staffers already burdened with schoolwork manage to put together a publication that is, on the whole, a quality piece of work that would do any university community proud. The need to meet the weekly deadline, however, means that the *Review* must collect enough material during the week to fill X-number of pages to satisfy the demands of its advertisers, its readers, and to some degree, the demands of bulk mailing. Some of the material published comes from regular contributors, but the balance comes from the student body. Sometimes the *Review* has an extremely good week, contribution-wise. Sometimes it's not so good. Faced with filling an issue, the *Review* sometimes does not what is good, but what is expedient: it publishes material that just isn't up to snuff. Well, that's my theory—and it really is a decent excuse for some of the excrementally bad stuff the readers have to put up with from time to time. But, hey, the *Review* can only publish what gets submitted, right?

So some of the blame for what gets printed rests with the readership. A friend of mine remarked, "Either there are no good writers at BYU, or they just aren't writing." I think his comment is a little extreme. There are good writers at BYU, and some of them even write for the *Review* (I'm no shining example). But it seems that not enough of them are submitting to this forum. Thus, if any of you in the category of "good writers" is led to exclaim, "This stuff is rubbish. Even I can do better than this!" you have nobody to blame but yourself. This forum depends on submissions from the BYU community. That means you.

Some of the blame for what gets published must ultimately rest with the *Review* staffers, however—the section editors, the copy editors, the editor, and the publisher. Again, I'd like to believe that the expediency of meeting the always-present deadline pressures them into making decisions that they may not have made otherwise. Another possibility, of course, is that some staffers are guilty of incredibly bad taste or ignorance or both (myself included). I dunno. What follow are, in my opinion, some of the more memorable examples of crapola the *Review* has published (there are plenty, too numerous to cite; these just happened to be unfortunate enough to stick in my mind).

1. "Being Single—and Happy About It" (20 Feb. 1991), which claims to be by a feminist, comes off sounding not enlightened, but ditzzy. True, the piece was meant to be humorous, but like many essays in this forum, it falls short of the mark and ends up being dumb. Add this to the fact that the first paragraph is an account of the genesis of the essay, which in effect says: "I have nothing interesting to say, but read this anyway." Ms. writer: I took you at your word.

2. In a fiction piece from the July 1991 issue, titled "Ella and Garth," we have a good example of something that probably shouldn't have been published. While the piece is not necessarily an example of bad writing *stylistically*, it certainly loses points in the realm of originality. It falls squarely into the category of what genre editors call "the slushpile"—manuscripts whose hackneyed, contrived, and clichéd plots editors have seen before, and on which they rarely waste a second glance. "Ella and Garth" is a short story (perhaps more properly a vignette) in which Garth, an artist wacked-out over his own "organic" art, seeks the perfect color (a "deep burgundy, almost a brown") to complete his current work; in a predictable manner he slices Ella and spills her blood to achieve the desired effect. My problem

with this piece is that its plot (what little there is of it) has apparently been borrowed from that of a 1960's Z-grade film, *Color Me Blood Red*, in which the protagonist butchers his girlfriend and uses her blood to paint his masterpiece (director Herschell Gordon Lewis most likely appropriated *his* plot from some earlier work). If this were not enough, HBO's *Tales from the Crypt* featured an episode with a suspiciously similar storyline around the same time the piece appeared in the *Review*. The author of the story in question could easily have dreamed up the plot independent of any source—and that's the point. This "slushpile" plot was either obvious enough or a well-enough-known "stock" plot in the horror genre that these other low brow forms of entertainment made easy use of it.

Who knows, maybe I'm just being too demanding of a student story. Maybe I wouldn't be so critical if this piece were a pastiche, but there's no indication that it is, and the author is trying so deliberately to be *artsy*. This is what I find so annoying. It's a little like watching Larry, Moe, and Curly perform lines obviously written for the Royal Shakespearean Theatre.

3. The nadir of stuff published in the *Review* within recent memory is a piece which, if not an out-and-out example of selective plagiarism, is a bad example of how to "borrow" material from a well-known writer. The piece in question is "From the Dialogues of Play-Doh," which appeared in the Feb. 20, 1991 issue. Compare this tripe with the truly clever "My Apology," in Woody Allen's book *Side Effects*. A careful reading of both will convince even the skeptic that some lines are lifted almost verbatim from Allen's work, the only difference being the addition or the substitution of a word or two. The author could possibly offer the defense that this is an homage to Allen's work, or perhaps a parody (a parody of a parody???—and a poor one at that). Fine. But I remain unconvinced—the writer does not even remotely attribute anything to Allen. Such a shellacking of the words of another (let alone a famous writer) with the inarticulate words of the novice demands (nay, screams) to be held to ridicule by the discriminating and perceptive reader.

Which brings me to my last point. What were the copy editors doing? They are supposed to be discriminating and perceptive readers, among other things. Either they failed to recognize #2 and #3 for what they were, or the *Review* was hard up for material that week (presumably the excuse for #1), and—quality be damned—just decided to print the things.

Oh well. Editorial boobos occur even in the most professional of publications. Also, since writing the above, it has come to my attention that "The Dialogues of Play-Doh" was allegedly written as an invitation (a private note, really) from the writer to the writer's beloved, and was not originally intended for publication in a public forum. Allegedly a *Review* staffer, ignorant of Woody Allen's contribution to the note, thought it was cute and asked if the *Review* might print it.

Nobody on the staff can be expected to know everything. This is strictly a volunteer organization, and any effort should be appreciated. I just hope that the *Review* keeps getting more quality submissions, and that nothing gets accepted in haste. Consider this an open call to all of you who write well: please submit. Help make this publication the best it can be. But then again, maybe you have a bigger appetite for drivel than I do.

THE OMD CONCERT: REVIEWED

By Darren G. Vance

ONE OF THE LOUDEST crowds that I, personally, have ever heard packed into a sold-out Kingsbury Hall on the night of October 1, to hear and see Andy McCluskey and OMD perform what is officially their *Sugar Tax* tour, but what has been called unofficially called their "testing-the-American-waters tour." If the show I saw is any indication of the band's strength and dedication, OMD has passed the test.

This show was about energy. Opening with teaser music and light show, the band (Nigel Ipinson—keyboards, Abraham Jukes—drums, and Philip Coxon—keyboards) and McCluskey moved right into the show with "Sugar Tax" from their new release of the same name and "Tesla Girls," one of their biggest hits. From that point on, OMD

played with an intensity that illustrated their devotion to the audience. As Andy mentioned in an earlier interview with *Student Review*, "Whatever town you're in, you have to remember that it is these people's only chance to see you, so you have to act like every concert is completely new." While it was obvious that the show was well rehearsed, there was enough spontaneity from the band members themselves and subtle changes in the music to demonstrate that McCluskey really believes what he says. OMD played to, for, and with the audience.

Of note is that OMD's successful showing at Kingsbury Hall occurred without the standard large entourage of backup musicians or anything more than a basic light show. Instead of gimmicks, the show consisted of four guys, their instruments, the stage, and lots of great music. The

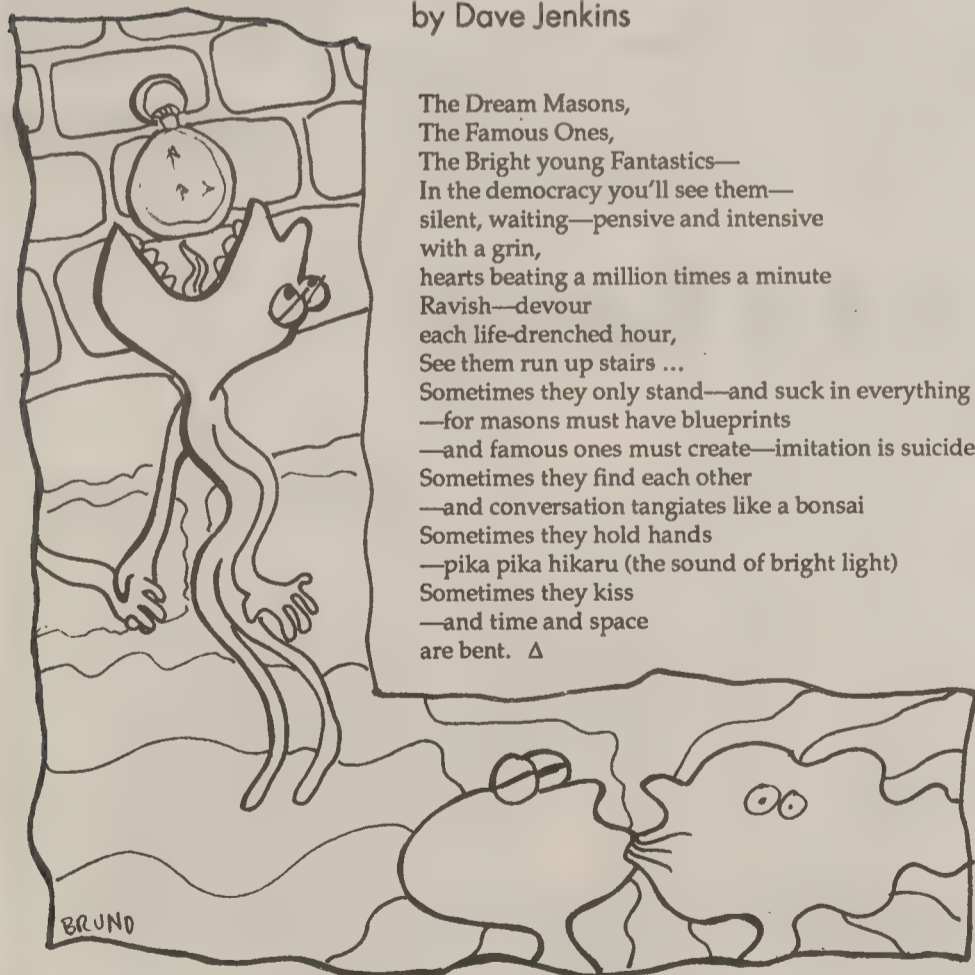
concert was a good blend of songs from each of the band's nine albums. On stage for about ninety minutes, OMD reserved the middle of the evening for some of their darker sounds, after which McCluskey stated that it "just gets faster from here." The band ended with raging versions of "Pandora's Box," "Sailing on the Seven Seas," and "Enola Gay." Their only encore finished the concert with, of course, "Electricity." The crowd never sat down. In fact, my only negative comments are that I wanted more music and a place to dance. Whatever happened to Kingbury's orchestra pit?

Backstage after the concert, an exhausted Andy McCluskey signed a few autographs and praised the Salt Lake crowd as the best one yet; "Salt Lake wasn't even on the original tour list and yet, this was the largest venue and the quickest to sell out." Δ

THE DREAM MASONS

by Dave Jenkins

The Dream Masons,
The Famous Ones,
The Bright young Fantastics—
In the democracy you'll see them—
silent, waiting—pensive and intensive
with a grin,
hearts beating a million times a minute
Ravish—devour
each life-drenched hour,
See them run up stairs ...
Sometimes they only stand—and suck in everything
—for masons must have blueprints
—and famous ones must create—imitation is suicide.
Sometimes they find each other
—and conversation tangiates like a bonsai
Sometimes they hold hands
—pika pika hikaru (the sound of bright light)
Sometimes they kiss
—and time and space
are bent. Δ



STUDENT REVIEW

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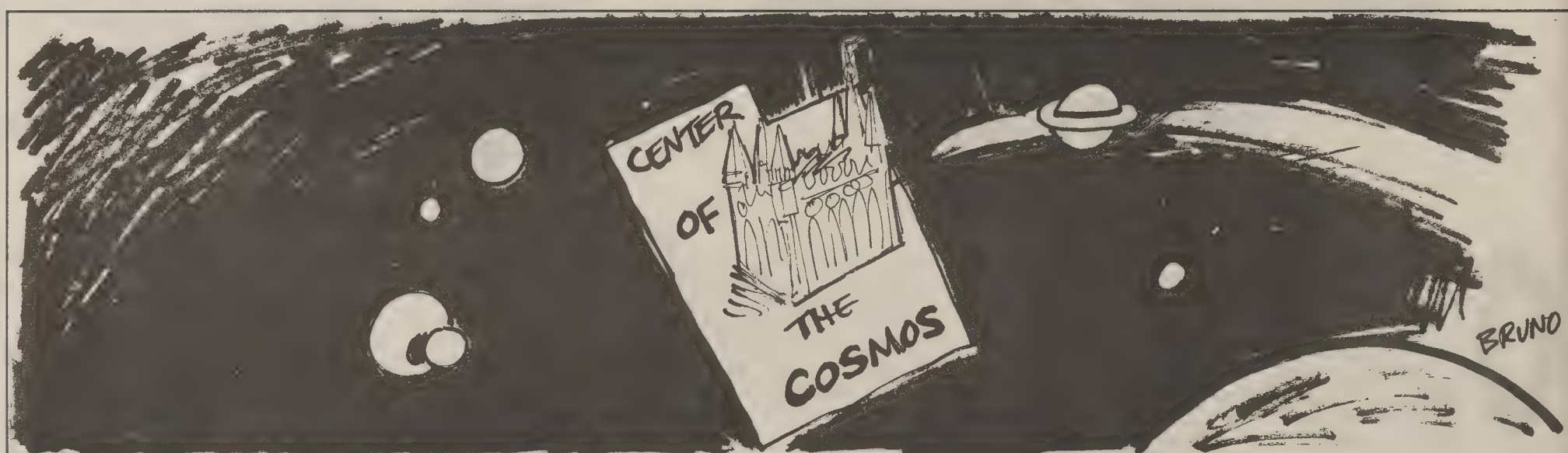
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GEOGRAPHIC AND NATIONAL CENTRISM IN MORMONISM

by Eric Eliason

AS A MISSIONARY IN HOLLAND I lived with three other elders—two Americans and a Canadian. We Americans were concerned that the Canadian did not share what we felt was our God-inspired reverence for the United States. To see if we could get him to see the light, we would assault his national loyalty and question his understanding of the gospel. We would say such things as, "You know elder, the D&C says that the U.S. Constitution is inspired, but it doesn't say anything about yours" and, "Why do you think Joseph Smith was American, not Canadian?" He countered our efforts at badgering him with attempted dialogue and examples of positive things about Canada. However, his cool, chatty approach was no match for our

raised voices and constant interruption. Exasperated, he finally said, "I'm sorry. I just can't tell you what you want to hear. I have different loyalties, that's all."

Since then I have gained a great respect for Canada. I admire its low crime rate, effective social programs, and majestic wilderness. Learning to appreciate Canada caused me to feel ashamed for the arrogance I had displayed. I wondered what inspired such behavior. The pride President Benson has warned us about several times seemed to be the culprit; however, a lingering suspicion tells me that pride was only a part of the problem.

The flash came to me a few years later as I was taking a test for my BYU "Gospel and the World Religions" class. One of the questions on the test was: "Discuss the close bond between Shinto and

Japan and share your feelings about it." That the islands and nation of Japan are chosen and superior to others is central to the world view of Shinto. This has formed an exclusive bond between Japan and its native religion. This sort of exclusivity is a characteristic of many belief systems around the world, but it leads to an inseparability between theology and geography, in turn limiting the religion's growth and the degree to which it is understood by the populations outside of its sacred region. This kind of limitation is not a problem for religions such as Shinto which are unconcerned with expansion, but for a church that strives to take its message to all mankind, any kind of provincialism should be of great concern.

Beliefs similar to Shinto's are present in Mormonism. One of these has been Latter-day Saint

theology's emphasis on certain geographical areas. For many years new Mormon converts were encouraged to "gather to Zion." This practice made the establishment and growth of the Church outside of the Intermountain West impossible. The official consolidation of Mormonism in America ended in the 1930s when church leaders began to encourage converts to stay in their native lands. "Gathering" served the necessary purpose of establishing the Latter-day Saints as a distinct people with a unique culture and history. However, had this practice continued the Church may have become a "Shinto" of the Intermountain West.

Unfortunately, one aspect of the Mormon Zionist mentality still lingers with us today. It is the attitude that regards the entire world south of Mesa, Arizona;

North of Rexburg, Idaho; east of Evanston, Wyoming; and west of Elko, Nevada as hordes of homogeneous gentiles. The few (which is too many) of us that still cling to the Utah/"mission field" dichotomy often don't see "the world" as a fascinating and eclectic blend of peoples, cultures, ideas, and religions—all of which have innumerable treasures to offer us—but instead as a spiritual and moral wasteland to be avoided.

Not only has the "Mormon Cultural Region" enjoyed a special place in our paradigm, but the American political and economic systems—that were once rejected, but are now embraced by Mormons—have profoundly shaped

SEE ETHNOCENTRISM, CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

DOIN' THE UTAH THING

by Rob Fergus

THE OTHER NIGHT I HAD A DREAM. In this dream, I was caught up by the Spirit and taken to the Celestial City. My angelic guide told me that I would be privileged to observe the magnificence of a true Zion society.

I have to admit that I was astounded by what I saw.

First of all, everyone carried Franklin Planners and sported missionary haircuts. It was whispered that even God himself liked to keep his hair off the ears and tapered in the back. This didn't surprise me nearly as much as the fact that both the Father and the Son are cleanshaven, though I was glad to hear that Mother in Heaven shaves her legs regularly with a Lady Remington.

But the personal grooming standards were not the most surprising elements of Celestial

Life that I observed. More shocking was the observation that all of the angels shopped at Mr. Mac's before they went on their missions to earth. They even bought conservative ties. I watched as one by one, the earth-bound angels bought double-pants and Swedish knit suits from a guy named Bishop So-and-So.

After a lunch of taco salad, green Jell-O (complete with grated carrots), and red punch, my guide took me to the Celestial Office Building to talk with the Lord himself. I was told that out of respect I should use the Lord's full name, with the most proper way of addressing him being either Lord O. Hosts or Alpha N. Omega. I was surprised that God used a middle initial, just like the Church leaders back home.

Unfortunately, the Lord was in a board meeting when we arrived, so I only got to

talk to his secretary (something not too unusual, I'm told), though I was given an autographed version of his latest Book.

Though of course I was disappointed, I didn't feel too bad because I knew that there was going to be a big party for me that night. All of my deceased relatives (the righteous ones, that is) were going to come over for the evening and watch *The Little Mermaid* and *The Princess Bride*. However, even that didn't turn out so well because there was a General Priesthood Meeting and all of my male ancestors had to be in attendance.

As I lay in my celestial bed that night, I thought about all that I had seen that day. "Strange," I thought, "maybe the French philosopher Durkheim was right. Maybe heaven really is just an ideal projection of our own society."

And then I woke up.

What a nightmare! Maybe it was the pizza I had for dinner just before going to bed. However, revelation or not, the dream did cause me to think. If we were all to be translated tomorrow, would we like our Celestial Kingdom to be the kind of society we seem to be striving so hard to create here in Mormondom?

As I showered and dressed that morning, I thought about all of the funny things we do every day and wondered how many of them are really essential for us in our quest to lead a "perfect" Christ-like life. Maybe we need to draw a clearer line between our own culture and the standards of the gospel.

"After all," I thought, "Christ never did say anything about green Jell-O." Δ

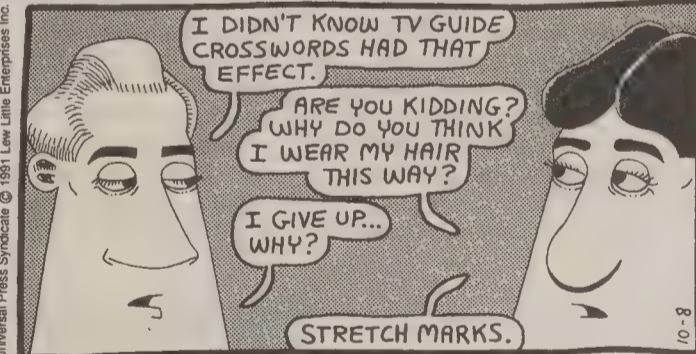
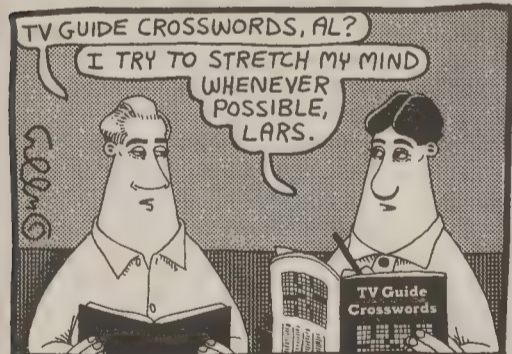
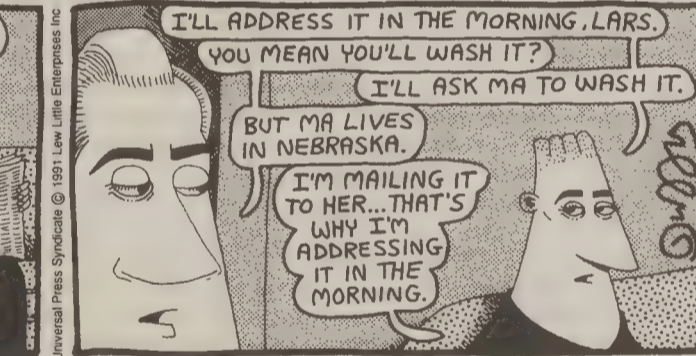
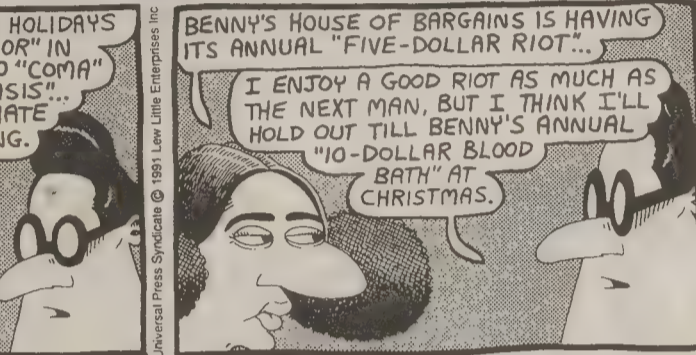
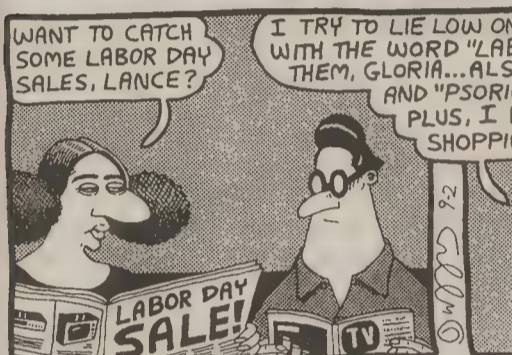
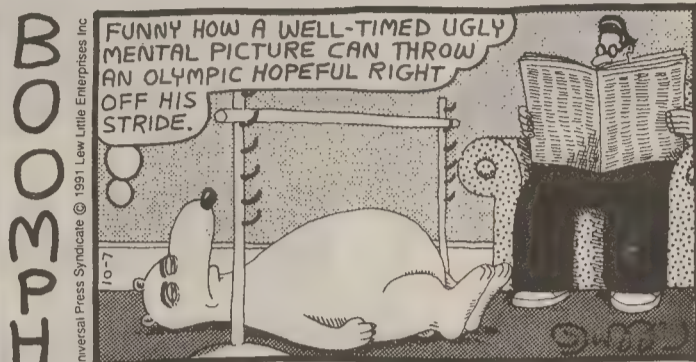
SLICES O' FAITH

Our heart, our reason, history itself, and the word of Christ, all call to us loudly and decisively that a union with Him [Christ] is an absolute necessity, that without Him we cannot attain our goal, that without Him we are rejected by God, and that only He can save us.

—KARL MARX
(THE UNION OF THE FAITHFUL WITH CHRIST—1835)

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by J.C. Duffy



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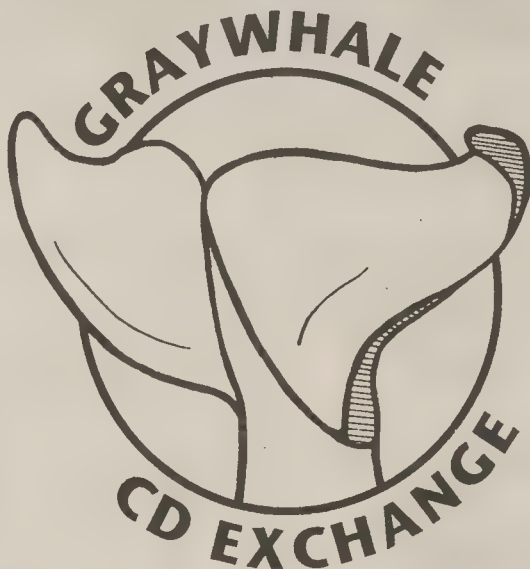
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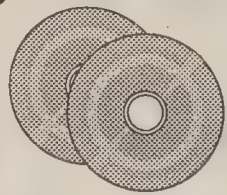
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ART BY WENDY PARKER

RAPE AND RESPONSIBILITY

by Brian Osmond Call

SINCE READING THE MANY letters to the editor about rape in the 19 September 1991 issue of the *Daily Universe*, I have read and listened with interest to the ongoing discussion about rape. Much of this debate stems, I believe, from the conflicting messages about gender, violence, and sexuality given us by our society. On the one hand, all violence, and certainly rape in particular, is wrong, and those who suffer such crimes deserve our compassion and help. On the other hand, pop culture—whether through music, movies, TV commercials, TV shows, magazines, books, or advertising campaigns—continues to depict women as sex objects and men as sex seekers. Women, if they are to be what popular culture tells them they should be, are skinny, sexy teases. Men, if they are to be what pop culture tells them they should be, are strong, handsome, aggressive, and sometimes violent. Men, again according to popular culture, always have sex on their minds. Popular culture tells us in one breath that rape is deplorable and in the other that women are sex objects, that men are sex-hungry, that real men are sometimes violent, and that men cannot be expected to control their sexual desires. Rape is decried, but sex and macho violence are encouraged.

We should know better than to

accept these popular gender stereotypes. Unlike modern society, the Lord did not devise, nor does he condone, separate moral codes for men and women. Both are taught to dress modestly, to treat one other with respect, to avoid sexually impure thoughts, and to limit sexual activities to their proper and sacred practice in marriage. The many admonitions given in scripture and through modern prophets to "bridle all [our] passions" (Alma 38:12), to "watch [ourselves], and [our] thoughts, and [our] words, and [our] deeds, and observe the commandments of God" (Mosiah 4:30). The commandment is the same for men and women: "Thou shalt not . . . commit adultery, . . . nor do anything like unto it" (D&C 59:6).

I would like to make a final point about the issue of blame, which has played a large part in the discussions I have heard and the comments I have read. As I have argued, men are every bit as responsible for controlling their thoughts and actions as women are, and we know that all men and women will be held responsible before God for their sins. But our role as Latter-day Saints and as fellow mortals is not to point fingers or assign blame. We need to help those who have been raped or otherwise harmed in any way we can. As King Benjamin taught, "Perhaps thou shalt say: This man [or woman] has brought upon

[themselves their] misery; therefore I will stay my hand, and will not give unto [them] of my food [or perhaps love and understanding in the case of rape] . . . that he [or she] may not suffer, for [their] punishments are just—But I say unto you, O man, whosoever doeth this the same hath great cause to repent" (Mosiah 4:17-18).

Particularly with rape and other violent crimes, we need to remember that no victims "ask for it." Cautious, God-fearing men and women are victims of rape, too. Bishop Glenn L. Pace counseled in the October 1990 General Conference: "We know that many wounds are self-inflicted and could have been avoided by simply obeying gospel principles. However, to shrug it off as 'their problem' is not acceptable to the Lord. . . . *Whether the pain has come to someone who is completely innocent or is something of their own making is irrelevant.* When a person has been hit by a truck, we don't withhold our help even when it is obvious he didn't stay in the pedestrian lane" (emphasis added; Glenn L. Pace, "A Thousand Times," *Ensign* 20 [Nov 1990]: 9).

We all, both men and women, need to obey the Lord's counsel to be modest, pure, and chaste in thought, word, and deed. And, instead of assigning blame and guilt, we must be compassionate and eager to assist in any way those who need our understanding and help. Δ

ETHNOCENTRISM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

neighbors, with other things that flow south from the United States, such as the support of corrupt and oppressive regimes, and economic exploitation. Recently, several of our missionaries have been martyred—not for their religious convictions—but for their political appearance. It is understandable, considering the Church's American-flavored policies and visual presence, how some terrorists could confuse the innocent elders with Yankee imperialists. Our bewilderment at these tragic deaths testifies to our need for greater understanding of, and

sensitivity to, other cultures and philosophies.

Unfortunately, an Americentric attitude has persisted in Mormonism, often because of, rather than in spite of, efforts by the Mormon leadership. Conference talks in the past have emphasized American patriotism, American culture, and American values. This is not surprising considering the constituency of the LDS hierarchy. In an organization where less than a third of its American members are Utahans, and barely half of its general membership are U.S. citizens, both Americans and

Utahans are highly over-represented in the ranks of general authorities. Perhaps the emphasis placed on America has led many American members to feel arrogant pride in America and disdain for other countries, economic systems, and ways of life. As we strive to become a church that appeals to all inhabitants of the earth, Mormon "America Worship" will continue to be a stumbling block until we adopt a less offensive concept of America's place within our world-view. Δ

STUDENT REVIEW • OCTOBER 9, 1991

THE STUDENT REVIEW PRESENTS: AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KRISHNAS

by Russell Fox

ON SEPTEMBER 14, CLOSE TO A thousand people stopped by a small wooden lodge in Spanish Fork to pay their respects to the Hare Krishnas. There was vegetarian food; a wild, improvisational Hare Krishna rock band from California (the Krishnautix—give them a listen); demonstrations in martial arts from India; and a drama from one of their sacred texts, Ramayana, at the end of which the Hare Krishnas blew up a cardboard statue of a ten-headed demon. A good time was had by all.

One week later, *Student Review* returned to Spanish Fork to see if we couldn't get inside the Krishna Consciousness movement. Their worship services are held daily, but a special service is held every Sunday afternoon at 6 p.m. It was this service that we attended, along with about 20 other visitors. With close to the same number of devotees present, participating in the chanting and singing, the front room of their small temple was packed. So we waited until afterward, as we partook of a vegetarian meal offered to Krishna, to sit down and talk with several members of the movement.

SR: First of all, your name.

S: Sivananda. "S-i-v-a-n-a-n-d-a."

SR: How long have you had this name?

When did you first get involved in the movement?

S: Well, I first became a devotee in Montreal, in 1968. I was drafted during Vietnam while I was in college, and I left the country—I went to Canada, to Europe, and back to Canada. Now, I'm not saying I'm in the mode of goodness here, I'm not saying I'm a really great guy, but my mentality at the time was such that, being a soldier ...

SR: Just wouldn't have been you.

S: Yeah, it wouldn't have been me. I wasn't even a devotee at the time ... but then, maybe I was a devotee in another life; which would explain part of what happened. You have to act according to your nature.

SR: So, you encountered Krishna Consciousness in Canada?

S: Yes, that's where I met my spiritual master.

SR: Must every devotee be apprenticed to a particular spiritual leader?

S: Not apprenticed to. Initiated by a spiritual master. He gives you your name.

SR: What is it that first attracted you to the movement?

S: I found the devotees to be the most nonmaterialistic people I've ever met. Very altruistic. I liked the chanting—I tried it. I also liked prashda [vegetarian food dedicated to Krishna]. I like the taking of food with the devotees. I liked the books. Why, I would sit down with some those books and everything would just be click, click, click. It's a different lifestyle. I was looking for a different way of living, a nonmaterialistic way of life, and the Krishnas had it.

SR: So, in your case, what happened next?

S: Well, after meeting my spiritual master, I volunteered to go to London. Sri Prabhupada [the man who brought Krishna Consciousness to the West and founded the movement in America] wanted to branch out to Europe. This was at the time the



Beatles were really big, and George Harrison was really interested in the movement.

Anyway, I was twenty-one at the time [1968], and I went to London. From there I went to Amsterdam, and from there to Berlin. There wasn't a temple in Berlin, so eventually some other devotees joined me, and we set up a regular temple in Hamburg.

SR: How would you compare the movement in Europe to the movement in America?

S: Same principles, different emphasis. In Europe there is greater concern with book distribution, with getting the word out. Here in America we are more concerned with building varna ashrams, communities where devotees can gather.

SR: Did you meet your wife as part of the movement?

S: Yes, Madanmohanmohini and I were together in Berlin. The suggestion was made that we get married ... she was the only other American devotee in Berlin at the time. Most of our moving around since then has been part of a quest to find a proper education for our son, Syamakunda (now 16). We've been in Boston, Philadelphia, Vancouver, San Diego, Florida, and now here.

SR: How does Spanish Fork compare to the other ashrams, the other temples you've worked at?

S: Oh, things go quite well here in Spanish Fork. There are about 10 initiated devotees here at the temple, along with their children. Then there are about 30 of what we call "friends of the temple," who assist us in our work and contribute to the cause. And then there are, oh, 50 or 60 congregational members—people who just care, who like to come out to the worship services and show interest in what we're about. That includes students and professors from BYU and elsewhere, and a lot of the young people around here.

SR: Not bad for Spanish Fork.

S: Nope, not bad at all.

SR: Do you like the environment here in Spanish Fork?

S: I do. Coming from Gainesville, Florida—the University of Florida—well, it was a very ... heavy environment. Here it's very peaceful, very pure, a lot more pure than many other places, and that's because of the nature of LDS people.

SR: Have you ever felt like you've been falsely characterized or misunderstood by us

Mormons?

S: No, we've been treated very warmly here. In fact, I think the religious tolerance here is exemplary. A lot of people might not think that way, but personally I think you Mormons are very tolerant people. Now maybe I haven't met all of them, but that's what I think.

SR: Ok ... your name?

B: Balabhadra. Spelled like it sounds [laughs].

SR: Was this a good turn out tonight?

B: Oh, this was small. We frequently have many more visitors, maybe 60 or 70 people will turn out for a Sunday evening.

SR: Do they come from all over Utah?

B: Sometimes. Unfortunately, this is the only temple in Utah. The next closest would be in Denver, or Boise.

SR: How are the Hare Krishnas treated by other Hindus? I mean, many Hindus aren't bhakti [believers in devotion to a god] at all—there are yogis who are into self-mortification and meditation.

B: But you will find that the majority are favorable to us. After all, Hinduism is hardly just one tradition; there are so many different cultures in India that "Hindu" can mean just about anything.

SR: Does Krishna Consciousness have a central organization?

B: Well, the center for the Western world is in Los Angeles. After the Krishna Consciousness began to put down roots in America, Sri Prabhupada, the founder of the movement, said that the L.A. temple should be not just the center but also the example, the model for how all other temples should operate.

SR: Have you ever been to the L.A. temple?

B: Just as a visitor. It's one of the largest ashrams on the continent. There are probably 50 or 60 full-time initiated devotees there, living at the temple.

SR: How long have you been involved in the movement?

B: About 14 years. I took a spiritual master at Denver and worked there for the next twelve years.

SR: That's a long stay at one temple.

B: Well, it's not good to be moving around a lot; as much as possible, devotees try to be tolerant of where they are and learn to live there. It's difficult to be tolerant of things

you don't like, though.

SR: Is that the greatest obstacle the movement faces, getting the devotees to be more tolerant?

B: I'm not sure if that's the greatest obstacle we face, but I will tell you, we do face obstacles—ones serious enough to warrant the dissolution of any movement if it doesn't overcome them. We have our skeletons in our closets; we have our prides. To say that we, as a movement, all too often tend to run away from our problems is to focus on something that all movements face. Much more than tolerance, if I had to point to a single problem we as a society are facing, it would be purity.

SR: Purity of the devotees?

B: Purity to the standards which Sri Prabhupada gave to us, to guarantee to us success as individuals and as a movement. When, due to, say, a lack of faith or a lack of knowledge, we compromise on what he gave us, we fail. It's a matter of realization. Reading a book about Japan, you gain a certain awareness. Should you go to Japan, you would gain a deeper awareness—so there are different levels of realization. Only through practicing the standards Sri Prabhupada emphasized can those deeper realizations come. When we don't gain those realizations, we are failing ourselves and the movement. Now, as a society, many of our leaders have compromised a lot and have caused scandals in the movement, and so that's a problem.

SR: So what is to be done?

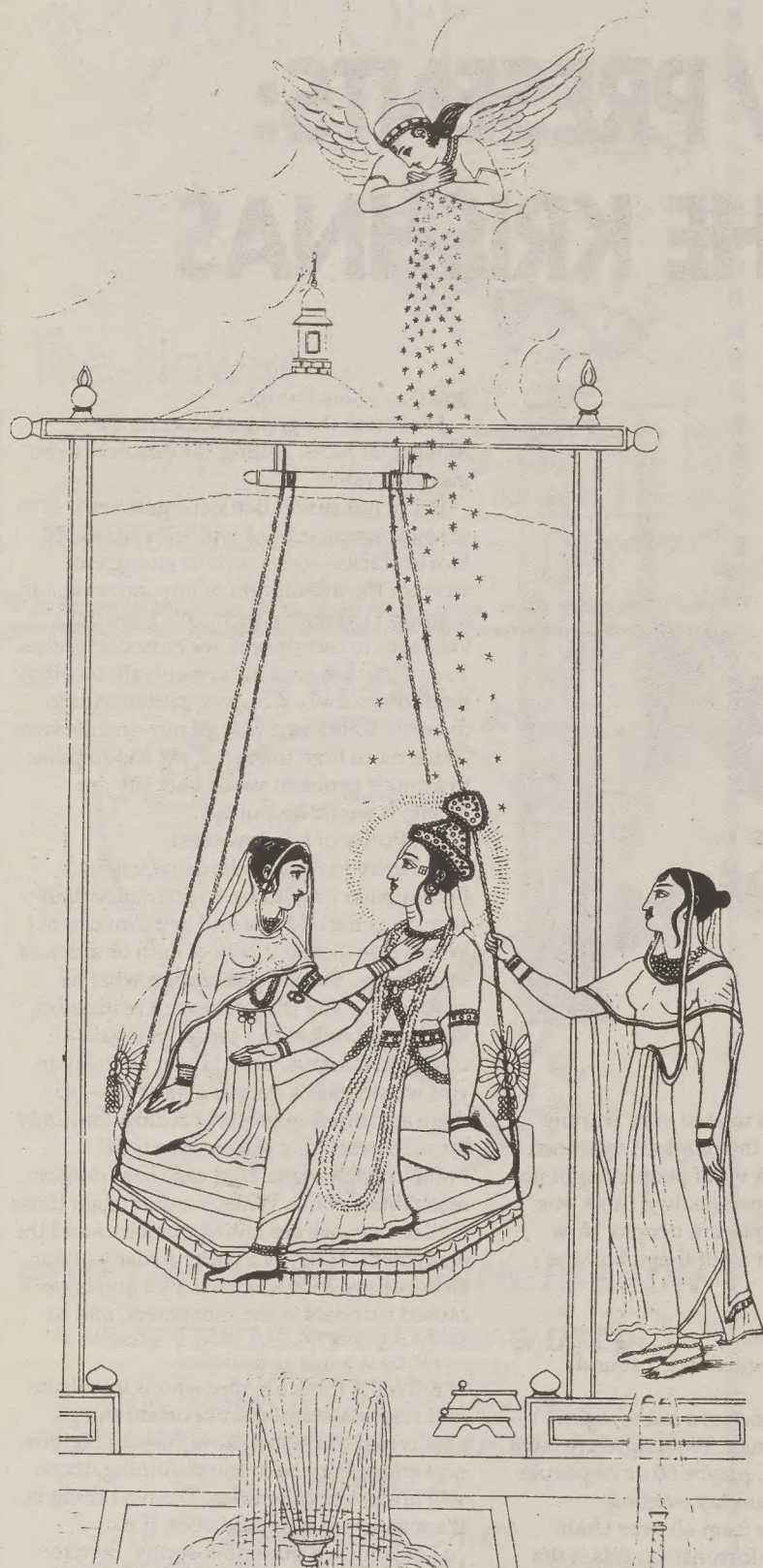
B: Well, I think anyone who is intelligent will realize a couple of important things. One is that, no matter how pure a religious movement may be in the beginning, there will always be calamities. The next thing is, if a movement is or was pure, if its philosophy is a pure philosophy, then the fault is not with the philosophy; it is with certain unscrupulous followers who, somehow or another, are in a position where they can very easily mislead others.

SR: In general, are you pretty optimistic about the movement?

B: Anyone who is fully convinced of this philosophy has to be optimistic. Krishna has his plan, God has his plan, and there's nothing that we can do to thwart that. We simply have a choice—do we want to be a part of it or not? It has been said, "The time will come when the glorification of God's name will take place in every town and village around the world." Now, do we want to be part of that plan of serving him, of preaching the mission of the chanting of the holy name, or not? It's going to happen; do you want to help out the movement or not? And when I say "the movement," I don't just mean the Hare Krishnas. We don't know how God plans to spread this movement. We used to think we had some idea, but then we realized ... Krishna works in inconceivable ways. We do what we can.

SR: So, it's just matter of going for it?

B: Just, somehow or another, get some idea of Krishna's plan, at least in the long run, which is to bring all living beings home to him through the chanting of the holy names. And then ask yourself, do I want to be part of that? And if the answer is yes, then you come to us and ask: "What can I do to help?" Δ



UNDERSTANDING KRISHNA CONSCIOUSNESS

by Janet Meiners

HARE KRISHNA, HARE Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare, Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare. A first impression of the Hare Krishna religion may be unsettling—mine was. It was the last day before leaving school and, having stayed up all night, my friend and I decided to visit the Hare Krishna temple in Spanish Fork, where they hold a worship service each day at 4 a.m. We walked up the snowy path and entered their temple, taking off our shoes outside. Someone offered us each a blue square of carpet to sit on. The energy in the room quickly replaced the chill morning air and invigorated me. Children danced and sang along with the women and men; sounds of drums and cymbals joined their voices with building enthusiasm and speed as the small group shouted praises to Krishna. Never had I heard a church hymn sung like this.

When the worship service ended, my friend and I were invited to the home of Mitrasena Dasa for breakfast. We met his family and walked to his nearby home. The radio station KJHQ could be heard in the background. They play the "Sounds of Transcendence" every day, from morning to sunset—Indian music, information on Krishna Consciousness, and most of all chanting.

We sat down and ate a meal of rice and pears, banana bread, and a

sauce with fresh fruit, all served on a metal plate. Mitra talked about his missions for the movement and answered my inquiries about his faith. Then he wanted to know more about us, particularly the LDS Church's missionary program.

Men and women wore skirts, and many had shorn all or most of their hair (which I later learned is done to promote cleanliness and prevent vanity). Many had painted faces, with markings on their noses and foreheads. The paint was made from a clay found in a sacred river in India and signifies sanctification of the body. I learned this from another one of the devotees—Madanmohanmohini, whose name was given to her by a spiritual leader when she was converted over ten years ago.

The aspirations of the Krishnas are noble: to enlighten each other in the ways of Krishna, one of the principle figures in classic Indian mythology and, they believe, the perfect manifestation of love, grace, and devotion. His devotees are to be meek, peaceful, and loving. They abstain from eating meat, intoxication, tobacco, drugs, gambling, and illicit sex (most of the devotees at the temple were married with families). They aspire to be faithful in their primary duty as a true, pious follower—to chant the names of their god (Krishna, Rama, etc.) using a string of prayer beads worn around their neck. The chants purify them, protect them from worldly ambitions, and help them maintain a constant

awareness of Krishna. Members must take vows, in a sacred ceremony, to live these teachings. To do so will enable each devotee, after many experiences and reincarnations, to become part of Krishna and live with him in a place where "every step is a dance and every word a song."

I returned to the Krishnas just a few weeks ago. After their Sunday services had ended, they served a buffet of vegetarian food in the basement of the temple. The food is presented to Krishna before it is eaten and is prepared to be appealing to both the body and the spirit. After the meal, devotees and visitors have the chance to discuss various ideas and beliefs. I met two BYU students there and an active LDS woman who attends their temple often. One of the students had converted from Mormonism to the Hare Krishna faith six months earlier. His friend often helps the devotees—she had assisted in the Festival of India the Krishnas had put on just the week before. The woman said that the spiritual strength she feels in the chanting is comparable to the strength she finds in LDS temples. She has American Indian and Jewish ancestors and finds parallels between her heritage and the Hare Krishnas.

While not entirely comprehending this religion, I value what I have learned from them. Before I had only heard stories, or seen them preaching in airports. Now I know for myself. Δ



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THEATER

Oct. 12, "Iphigenia in Tauris" in the Pardoe Theater, HFAC. 7:30pm. Call 581-5404 or 581-6448 for tickets and info.
Oct. 9 - 11, "Stop! Look! Listen: More Berlin", "The Canterville Ghost" at the City Rep.
Oct. 9 - Nov. 23, "The Curious Savage" at the Hale Center Theater.
Oct. 9 - Nov. 23, "The Other Side of Love" at the Hale Center Theater in Orem.

THEATER GUIDE

Babcock Theater, 300 S. University, SLC. Tickets: Fri&Sat \$6, week-nights \$5, 581-6961.
Egyptian Theater, Main Street, Park City. Tickets: 649-9371.
Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State St., SLC. Tickets: \$5, 364-5696.
Hale Center Theater, 2801 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$4-\$7, 484-9257.
Orem Hale Center Theater, 225 W. 400 N. Tickets: \$4.50-\$5, 226-8600.
Pioneer Theater Company, 1340 E. 300 S., SLC. Tickets: \$8-\$18, 581-6961.
Provo Town Square Theater, 100 N. 100 W., Provo. Tickets: \$3, 375-7300.
Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 500 N., SLC. Tickets: Fri&Sat \$17, T-Th \$14, 363-0525.
Salt Lake Repertory Theater (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$6.50 & \$8.50, 532-6000.

MUSIC

Oct. 9 - 10, Homecoming Concerts at 6pm in the Quad; Oct. 9, the BYU band, Oct. 10, BYU Jazz Legacy and Men's Chorus.
Oct. 10, Boris and Eleonora Lvov, 7:30pm in the Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC. Call 378-7444 for tickets.
Oct. 11-12, Homecoming Choral Showcase, 7:30pm in the de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC. Call 378-7444 for tickets.

Oct. 9 - 19, "Broadway in Concert", 7:30pm; Margetts arena Theater, HFAC. call 378-7447 for tickets.

Oct. 22, Oingo Boingo at the new Delta Center, tickets \$18, available at all Smith'sTix outlets.

TEMPLE SQUARE CONCERTS SERIES

All concerts are at 7:30 in the Assembly Hall and are free.

Oct. 11, Utah All-State Band, Choir, and Orchestra

Oct. 12, Boris and Eleonora Lvov, piano

UTAH SYMPHONY

Oct. 12, Mozart Fest at 8pm in Symphony Hall. Call 533-note for tickets.

UTAH OPERA

(Capital Theater, 50 W. 200 S., SLC)

Oct. 12 - 18, Samson and Delilah ; 8:00p.m. Call 534-0842 for tickets and info.

FILM

Scera Theater 50th Anniversary Festival (.50 admission .50 concessions)
Oct. 8, 9, 10, Lawrence of Arabia
Call 225-2560 or 225-2569 for info.
B.Y.U. Film Society, Varsity Theater
Oct. 10, Ben Hur
Oct. 17, Adams Rib shows at 4:30, 7:00, 9:30; tickets \$1
International Cinema call 378-5751 for info.
Varsity I, ELWC
Oct. 9, Robin Hood
Oct. 11 - 16, Backdraft
Varsity II JSB, BYU, 378-3311.
Oct. 11 - 14, Green Card Movies 8
Call 375-5667 for current listings and show times. Only \$1, \$1.50 on week-ends.
Tower Theater
876 E. 900 S, SLC, call 359-9234
Villa Theater
Located at 254 South Main, Springville, call 489-3088 for current listings and show times. Only \$1.

CINEMA GUIDE

Academy Theater, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470.
Avalon Theater, 3605 S.

State, SLC, 226-0258.
Carillon Square Theaters, 224-5112.
Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.
Mann Central Square Theater, 374-6061.
Scera Theater, 745 S. State, Orem, 225-2560.

ART

Oct. 9 - Nov. 22, "Drawing 1991", B.F. Larsen Gallery, HFAC
Oct. 9 - Nov. 29, James Christensen etchings of costume designs for Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Maeser building.
Museum of Church History and Art, 45 W. Temple, 240-3310.

LECTURES

Oct. 9, Both sides of the abortion issue will be discussed at 7pm in the Provo Utilities Building, 251W. 800N.
Oct. 10, 3pm. Maxine Hanks will give a lecture on the 7th East Press in room 151 of the Tanner Building.
Oct. 9, 11am. Dr. Michael Haas will speak on "The U.S.- Khmer Rouge Alliance in the 80's: The Faustian Pact" in room 238 HRCB.
Oct. 15, 12 noon. Mr. Chuchart Poonsiri will speak on "The Drug Problem: The Search for Global Solutions" in

room 238 HRCB.

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

White House, 202-456-1414
Governor, 538-1000
Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560
Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000
Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.
General BYU Campus and Community Info, 378-4313.
UTA, 375-4636.
BYU Ombudsman, 378-4132.
BYU Standards, 378-2847.
Free Hearing Test, 373-5219.
Time and Temperature, 373-9120.

SUNDANCE

Oct. 9 - Nov. 30, 8p.m. Indoor Fall Theater, Fridays and Saturdays.
Sundance Resort, call 225-4107 for info.

OTHER

Monte L. Bean Museum of Life Science, 10-5 daily, 10-9 Mondays, 378-5052.
Join them for early morning bird walks from 7:30 to 9:30 a.m. every Saturday morning at the Botany Pond, 5th East and 8th North.

Massages, Full body, Full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.
BYU Planetarium, Friday Nights, 492 ESC, 7:30 and 8:30 p.m. call 378-5396.

Geneva Steel plant tours, MTuWF at 9 am and 1 pm, free. Call to reserve a spot: 227-9240.

Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laser Floyd and Laserlight III. Info: 538-2098.

Poetry Readings, City Art, 240 S. Main, SLC, upstairs. Every Thursday at 8 p.m. Also included is music and display art, call 942-1715, free.

Mondays, Readings of local women writers, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.

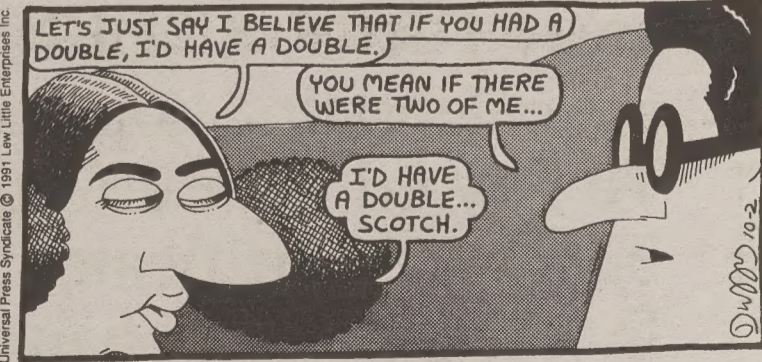
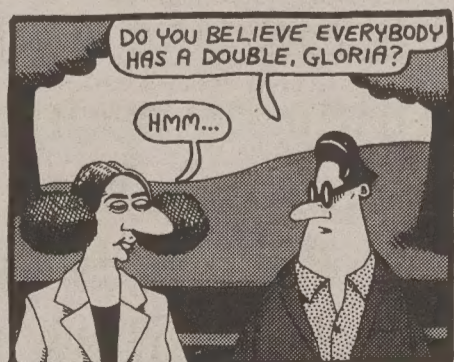
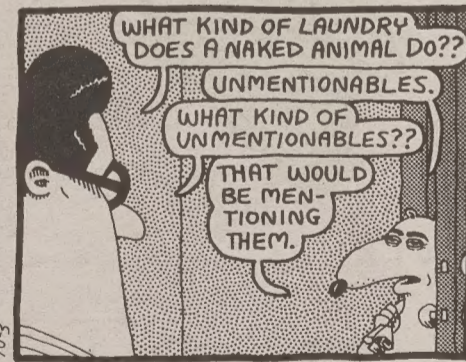
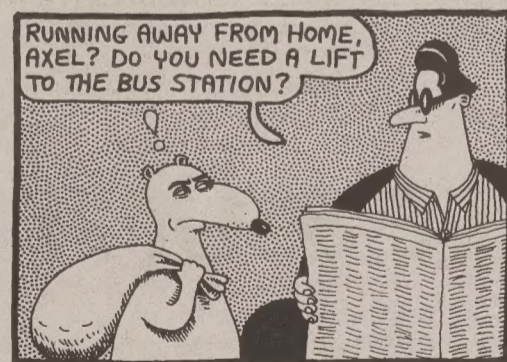
EDITOR'S CHOICE

Don't miss Oktoberfest up at Snowbird. This is the last weekend. For info call 521-6040, ext. 4080.
There are a variety of great homecoming events you should not miss. At least go to the game.

"Adults are just obsolete children. To hell with them."
—Dr. Seuss on why he switched from writing novels to writing children's books

THE FUSCO BROTHERS


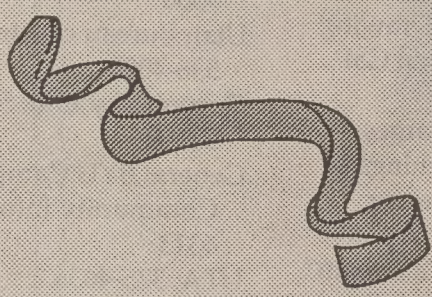

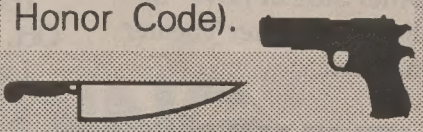


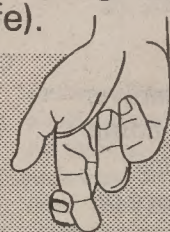
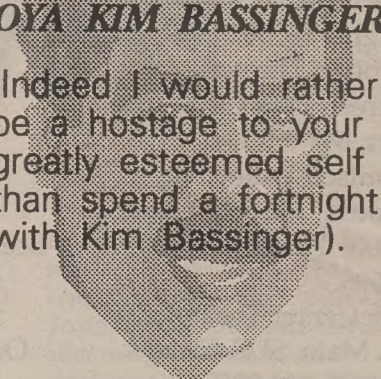
by J.C. Duffy



STUDY ABROAD HOSTAGE CARDS

As part of a series of features aimed at improving students' lives in general, we are proud to present the following reference cards, which should prove extremely valuable when travelling in the Near or Middle East. Timely and considerate use of any number of them will certainly make your experience more pleasant.

Created by: Eric Pearson, Eric Bench & Dave Bastian

<p>AKBAR KHAU-KIW KAFTAR LOFTAN</p> <p>(Thank you ever so much for showing me your marvelous gun).</p> 	<p>MAHLEL GR'MESH ALISH GHORBAN DA</p> <p>(The red blindfold would be lovely, Your Excellency).</p> 	<p>FEKR GAZUL GARDAN DAVAT FAEH GUS DIVAR</p> <p>(I am delighted to accept your kind invitation to lie on my face with my arms tied behind my back).</p> 	<p>IKA JHAFKI DOSAN NUNIVA JAL AKBA EHK BABBAR MAH K'OR EL BYU</p> <p>(All the rules and human rights violations would bother me greatly were it not for the fact that I am used to the BYU Honor Code).</p> 
<p>KAFJOD SMITNIF DADO IKV-MNESH ZARALTER KORTAN HELANAN</p> <p>(I might actually resent being stuffed into this tiny cell had I not lived in Helaman Halls for a year).</p> 	<p>IKEH NUNEH SA OB KHALEH KA SHEEROM DO MOHEM LAF LAF</p> <p>(The water-soaked bread crumbs are scrumptious, thank you. I must have the recipe).</p> 	<p>PEHKR SHOMPEH TAOHOHEM GOFTAN SANDIF</p> <p>(I agree wholeheartedly with everything you have ever said or thought in your life).</p> 	<p>AHTEFORAN D'ATREH OTEGAH SHA'MIRAK SHARUS MUTAFLO SHEEZABEL TEEGZ OYA KIM BASSINGER</p> <p>(Indeed I would rather be a hostage to your greatly esteemed self than spend a fortnight with Kim Bassinger).</p> 

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FREE STUFF!

This Friday K-96 is broadcasting live from the Y and giving away **FREE STUFF**. K-96 FM and various local merchants are celebrating homecoming by sponsoring a "Climb to the Y." To reward your efforts after reaching the Y you will receive a bunch of certificates for **FREE STUFF!** (While they last.) From pizza and haircuts to guitars and hoagies... From car washes and copies to car alarms and window tinting... etc. This Friday a little climb will mean great music and a way to try out local businesses risk free!